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ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE OF GRATITUDE.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a pallet and a chair, and all the sustenance a little barley-water; refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiée, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air: they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiée being nearly fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but, according to the Genevese habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiée through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress,

who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days, and even weeks escaped thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiée, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise,

nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiée consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiée passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiée; she smiled as she listened to him, "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general—and perhaps——" but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiée, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent, I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon."—The young man was Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiée every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me! You will hear of me."

He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiée with her mother returned to Geneva. Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiée, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protegé, who meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when sometime before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way into Italy;—he could only stop a few hours:—he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady, named Agiée, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him; such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known, and the aide-de-camp succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiée. She was become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiée on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiée passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanch, where he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiée. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she

should witness his glory ; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiee was permitted to carry nothing with her, beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey ; and in spite of her age and her infirmities, the day after the general's arrival, she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place de Carousel, opposite the palace of the Tuileries ; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion ; a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her, Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure ; she had a long audience of Napoleon ; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often con-

sulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiee lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her ; but I have reason to believe, that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon, till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822. It is from herself that I received the details I have given :—it is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero ; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest ; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence, no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiee died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucault, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Carousel.

THE VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.

M. D'ARLINCOURT is a young man remarkable for a handsome person, considerable wealth, and unbounded absurdity. His character is singular, and affords nearly as much diversion to the Parisians, as that of the noble rival of Louis XVIII. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault. M. d'Arlincourt began his career by taking to himself the title of Viscount. He had one day occasion to write to M. de Cazes, then Minister, and his name being Victor, he signed his letter, V. d'Arlincourt. The Secretary, who wrote the Minister's answer, mistook this V. for the initial of Viscomte, and addressed his letter, "To M. le Viscomte d'Arlincourt." The author of Ipsiboé lost no time in giving permanence and publicity to his newly acquired title, by causing it to be instantly engraved on his visiting cards. From this act his celebrity arose. It has been confirmed, not

by the incredible impudence with which he himself writes articles in the journals, in which he speaks of his own works, as other people are wont to speak of those of Voltaire—this is the commonest of all things among the *litterateurs* of France, and has already been adopted with eminent success by Messieurs Chateaubriand, Jouy, Etienne, Keraty, and Arnaut ; all masters in the art of getting up a reputation. The peculiar distinction of the *inversive Viscount* (if we may be allowed to translate the prefix with which the Parisians have been kind enough still farther to illustrate his name, and of which we shall say more hereafter) is, that having written an article of seven columns for the *Journal des Debats*, when he saw it in print he actually believed in the justice of all the praises he had bestowed upon himself. It is this very remarkable

instance of naïve absurdity which renders him worthy to be compared to Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault.

We premise that our readers must have a very good opinion of our veracity to believe some of the incidents in the literary life of the Viscount, with which we shall present them. We honestly confess that they pass all fair and recognized limits of absurdity too far not to have a startling air of improbability. Our readers may, however, rely on the perfect *truth* of all we relate. Our only difficulty is that of selecting among the *mots* which have brought M. d'Arlincourt so much into fashion with his gay countrymen.

There is at Paris a bookseller named Dalibon, who publishes a series of portraits of the great men of France. Three months ago, he had already published engravings of Racine, Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau. One day, at about two o'clock, the hour at which a good many literary loungers are commonly to be found in Dalibon's shop, the Viscount d'Arlincourt's carriage stopped at the door. "You know me, Sir, without doubt?" said the Viscount, entering, to the bookseller. "No, Sir, I have not that honour." "Incredible!—Well, you see before you the author of the *Caroleïde*, of *Ipsiboé*, and the *Renegade*. You have already published portraits of Corneille, Racine, Molière, &c. do you not intend to give mine to the world?" The bookseller, who is not deficient in shrewdness, threw a significant glance on the *literati* assembled in his shop, and answered, "M. le Viscomte, I was indeed thinking of doing so." "Very well, I have brought you my portrait ready engraved." At these words, the Viscount motioned to one of his superbly liveried footmen to deliver an enormous parcel of engravings to M. Dalibon. "You will, doubtless, advertise my portrait. Two words will suffice. I have just scrawled this in pencil as I rode hither. It should be simple and modest. You may just say, 'Having offered to the

public portraits of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau, it appears to me that I cannot more appropriately complete the collection than by enriching it with that of M. d'Arlincourt, so long eagerly demanded by all Europe.'" Every body has been to buy this engraving at Dalibon's, where the purchasers have, into the bargain, the pleasure of seeing this little advertisement in the hand-writing of the noble author.

A lady, who had no personal knowledge of the illustrious Viscount, lately went to pay a visit to his wife. He came in at eleven o'clock, approached the lady, and exclaimed, "Ah, Madam, what a delicate attention! How sensible I am to this ingenious mark of your admiration!" The lady thought him mad, made the best reply she could, and understood nothing of his compliment. "I should, undoubtedly, Sir, be most happy to do any thing to give you pleasure, but I am not conscious—" "How, Madam," replied the Viscount, with great animation, "you do not perceive that your waist ribbon is *bleu Elodie*?" We must just stop to remark that Elodie is the name of one of his heroines; and that the shop keepers of Paris always seize upon the present object of public attention, whether heroic or ridiculous, to give a name to the newest fashion. Some curious and not very translatable instances of this might be quoted; but we shall content ourselves with saying, that the Viscount seriously believed the lady in question had chosen her waist ribbon of *Elodie blue* in order to do him honour.

The lady did not care to undeceive him; and being for the first time in the company of a person so celebrated, she endeavoured to draw him into conversation. "You have, doubtless, just been enjoying a new triumph of your genius?" "Yes, Madam," replied the Viscount, to her no small astonishment. "Those poor theatres on the Boulevards are only kept in existence by my romances. I must encourage them by my pres-

ence. I am now come from the first representation of the 'Mont-Sauvage' at the Ambigu-Comique. I took Chateaubriand there."

The Viscount began his literary career by an epic poem, entitled the *Caroleïde*, the *niaiserie* of which surpasses all belief. Since the decline and fall of the reputation of the Abbé Delille, nobody in France reads verses. As soon as the Viscount had printed his poem, he sedulously applied himself to the cultivation of a reputation by the most efficient of all means. He gave two dinners per week; to these feasts none but editors of journals were invited. In spite, however, of the exquisite cheer, the journalists would soon have begun to refuse his invitations; but the public, to its infinite satisfaction, discovered that Madame d'Arlincourt had claims upon its attention scarcely less remarkable than those of her husband. This lady, who is young, pretty, and of good family, blushes at hearing Lord Byron compared to M. d'Arlincourt. She is fully persuaded of the superiority of the latter. She seldom takes an airing in the Bois de Boulogne without stopping her carriage at the door of some bookseller, where she buys one of her husband's works. On her return home, she says to him in the tenderest manner, "My love, I could not resist my intense desire of reading such a passage in your *Ipsiboé*, or your *Renegade*."

The Viscount sat for his portrait to the celebrated Robert Lefevre. The artist at the urgent and repeated request of the Viscount, painted the eyes of an enormous size, and extremely like those of an ox. When the picture was finished, he took his wife to see it. The Viscountess was shocked at the smallness of the eyes. "Your portrait Sir, (said she to Robert Lefevre), is not without some merit, but you have unfortunately

entirely missed the character of M. d'Arlincourt's countenance. You shall see. *Mon ami, fais tes yeux.*"* said she turning to the author of *Ipsiboé*. This expression of Madame d'Arlincourt is now safely lodged in the treasury of the French language. It has passed into a proverb. When any one desires to have a flattering likeness of himself, he is pretty sure to be told "*Mon ami, fais tes yeux.*"

Whenever the Viscount is preparing to publish some new *chef d'œuvre*, he bespeaks support and applause for it (*appuyer d'avance* is the Parisian expression, we have none so good), by eight or ten dinners given to the *litterateurs* of the lower class, who gain a subsistence by writing for the inferior journals. At one of the dinners given to bolster up *l'Etrangère*, which was published about a month ago, the Viscount said, speaking of his brother, General d'Arlincourt, "I pity my brother, the General; he has a beautiful family, he has just acquired an income of 1,400,000 francs, but he has not genius. I can assure you, gentlemen, that literary genius is beyond all other gifts of nature or fortune." Whenever, which rarely happens, he is silent at these dinners, there is an unfailing receipt for making him talk. One of the guests has only to mention Sir Walter Scott, or M. Marchangy; either of these names puts him in a passion. "There are some men," he exclaims, "stupid enough to prefer Sir Walter Scott to me. I must confess, however, that *he* has some merit; but what words can be found to characterize people who can read Marchangy?" In this, it must be allowed, the Viscount is right enough. M. de Marchangy is a Procureur-General of the Court of Justice at Paris, who, with a probity equal to his genius, is continually inventing the most atrocious calumnies against all those who are obnoxious to Min-

* After the most mature deliberation on the capabilities of the English language, we are obliged to confess that this expression does not lie within its compass, and that to those who are so unhappy as not to understand the original, the eloquence of the Viscountess must remain unknown.

isters, and who are the objects of government prosecutions. In a country like France, where the dead are always in the wrong, M. Marchangy is not odious, he is only ridiculous. He has published a work in eight volumes, in imitation of Chateaubriand, called *La Gaule Poétique*. M. de Marchangy, in virtue of his place, compelled the journals to admit thirty or forty articles, written by himself (which his exquisite style makes sufficiently evident), on his *Gaule Poétique*. This trash has thus been pushed to a third edition. This third edition it is which stirs the bile of the Viscount when he sees it in the bookseller's advertisements.

In order to prepare a successful appearance for *l'Etrangère*, the Viscount wrote a pretty little letter to every one of the two hundred men of letters, great and small, who work for the journals. Of these letters, which are all different, it has fallen to our lot to see but one. In that were the following words: "It must be confessed that it is admirable," speaking of his *Etrangère*. Not contented with these letters, he actually visited every individual of these two hundred unhappy men who labour in the journals. He addressed them thus: "Well, my dear friend, do you give me your word of honour to write a good article on my new work?"

I must have it done within forty-eight hours of its publication. It is not for myself that I speak; my reputation is established throughout Europe. I am translated into eleven languages, (this is the precise fact. So true is it, "qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire").

We ought to observe that M. d'Arlincourt, prints editions of two hundred copies each. In this he has been imitated by the Corypheus of the society "*Des Bonnes Lettres*," M. Hugo. This personage having composed a frightful romance, called *Han d'Islande*, he had the extraordinary folly to agree with his bookseller Persan, *in writing*, for three simultaneous editions of *Han*. M. Hugo having quarrelled with Persan, Persan prints this curious treaty in a literary journal called the *Pandora*.

We have given this account of the personal character of M. d'Arlincourt, because the extreme assurance with which that writer puffs himself will give our readers some notion of what is commonly passing in the literary world of Paris—the reflecting men of that capital feel deeply the want of an *impartial review*. It is a lamentable fact that out of twenty articles in the Paris journals, it is impossible to find more than one, and scarcely that, written with impartiality.

I THOUGHT I HAD A FRIEND.

I THOUGHT I had a friend !

But when winter days came on,
I found myself forsaken,
For my summer friend was gone.
He lived but in the joyous sun :
When sorrow spread her shade;
He fell away ; but left a thorn
That wounds—too deeply made.

If human care—fond cherishing—
And kind thoughts could have kept
This trusted friend from fading thus,
His loss I had not wept.
But there are things which oft we love,
And clasp unto the breast,
That only break our happiness,
And steal away our rest.

I little deemed—while greenly grew
The vernal buds of hope,
And life's smooth pathway wound along
Bright fortune's sunny slope—
That he who close companion'd me,
And balmy joys supplied,
Would not endure a bleaker day—
A passing storm abide !

Well—be it so ; it shall not wake
Another tear or sigh ;
My sighs shall be locked up in scorn,
And my tears—ah ! they are dry.
Though a thousand brilliant suns should
rise
To light my future fate,
Thou never more art mine, FALSE FRIEND !
I know thee—but too late !

 WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

WEEP not for the dead,
 Who tranquilly repose ;
 Their spark of life is fled,—
 But with it all their woes.—

The broken heart is heal'd,—
 The reign of sorrow o'er ;—
 Their future bliss is seal'd,
 And they can grieve no more.—

Mourn rather for the doom
 Of those who struggle on,
 In dreariness and gloom,
 Until their course is done ;

Who linger here, and grieve,
 As death dissolves each tie,
 That makes them wish to live,—
 Yet cannot—dare not die !

 THE TRIUMPH OF SENSIBILITY.

“ ———— seldom, when
 The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS true story, in itself highly interesting, becomes a thousand-fold more touching as it has been embalmed by the tears of Lord Byron. The gentleman who furnished it assured us that a West-Indian friend of his was present when the little narrative first met the eyes of the lamented poet, and beheld them overflow with the effusion of exquisite sensibility.

Bertrand, a knight of Malta, was brought before the dreadful tribunal of l'Abbaye, on the third of September, 1792. Habitual self-possession and undaunted fortitude did not forsake him in this dire emergency. He replied to all their ensnaring examinations with a firm voice and unchanging countenance ; asserting that he was quite ignorant why he was summoned, and that he must have been arrested by mistake, in place of some other individual. This cool intrepidity conquered the suspicions of the judges, and they ordered him to be released. A man covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the doomed prisoners, was evidently glad when desired to call his comrade, that both might escort Bertrand to his lodgings. The comrade, notwithstanding his gory habiliments, appeared to share in the satisfaction manifested by the first-mentioned

bourreau. Bertrand was conducted by them through the court of the Abbaye. They then asked if he had no relation to whose house he could go ; he answered, it was his purpose to go directly where his sister-in-law must be in the most unhappy suspense concerning his fate. “ How overjoyed must she be, to see you return in safety !” said the first executioner. “ What a delightful scene to behold your meeting,” rejoined the other. “ For the sake of that pleasure, we shall accompany you.”

Bertrand feared he might implicate the unhappy lady, whose husband had but recently fallen a sacrifice to popular fury. He was distressed and embarrassed, more than when interrogated by his judges ; yet he betrayed no emotion, and made answer that his sister-in-law was in affliction, and in very delicate health, and he feared would be too much agitated by the sight of strangers. The men urged, that alarm to her might be prevented by giving some previous intimation ; and, in short, they entreated leave to witness the affecting interview with such importunity, that Bertrand could no longer object to the proposal, and he did not think it prudent to give them offence. The executioners sent a judicious old woman to tell the lady that her brother-

in-law would soon rejoin her, safe and free. The woman, as directed, left the door of the chamber so far open that the men could see the lady, unperceived by herself. She was seated on a low stool, clad in the deepest exteriors of woe, both in her apparel and the expression of her countenance. A babe about ten weeks old, born since the death of his father, drew nourishment from her bosom, and his dress was steeped in the tears that poured from her eyes; a little girl on her knees, opposite to her mother, offered prayers for the soul of her uncle, which they all supposed to be then passing to the world of spirits. When told he still lived—was acquitted and liberated, the lady uttered a cry of joy—became pale as a corse, and fainted; her little girl screamed, yet had presence of mind to take hold of the infant. Bertrand and the executioners sprang to her aid. Her miserable abode afforded

no cordial, but Bertrand opened the window, and the blessed air of heaven revived her. "Have we all escaped to the regions of everlasting peace?" she passionately inquired: then, as her brother-in-law supported her, she was conscious he remained a living substance, and wept in excess of happiness. The executioners also shed tears; and when Bertrand offered them a valuable jewel, they refused it, saying, they owed him a recompense for the delicious feelings they had experienced. Their sensibility, their kindness, presented a striking contrast to their ensanguined garb.

Lord Byron, on reading this relation, could not refrain from tears. The gentlemen around were silent, till his Lordship, after a pause, observed, "What is man! What a contradiction to himself! How incongruous the heart and hand of those executioners! Perhaps they had no alternative but to die or to inflict death!"

THE STUDENT OF LEYDEN.

MY father died when I was very young, and, the only son of an anxious mother, my infancy was passed in every indulgence which her limited means could afford. England was my birth-place; but circumstances occurred which induced my parents to emigrate to the United States of America, and they settled in New-York, where my father commenced the occupation of a merchant. At his death, an event which happened before he could realize those prospects of success which had tempted him to quit his native country, and to embark the greatest part of his property in trade, a small estate, which he had purchased in the vicinity of the city, alone remained for the support of his family.

My mother had few acquaintances, and still fewer friends; therefore, with little molestation from advice, she was permitted to consult her own inclinations in the disposal of her son, and she determined to bring him up

as a gentleman. My ancestry on each side warranted this decision, but the slender state of her finances rendered it somewhat imprudent, at least in the eye of the world. I was romantic, even in intimacy, and loved a book, or a ramble in the woods in search of wild berries, better than the noisy pastime of our neighbours' children. My mother sedulously cultivated tastes so congenial with her own, and thus we might be said to dream our lives away in the calm enjoyment of innocent and tranquil pleasures. This, however, could not last beyond a certain period. As I grew into manhood, new hopes, new views, possessed my mind. My education was as yet incomplete; and though I had received the best instruction which the place afforded, and was fortunate in a tutor, who, though doomed only to exert dominion over a paltry village school, was qualified to instruct the young aspirant for academical honours, much remained to be done

ere I could venture to commence my career in one of the learned professions. I was extremely desirous to spend a few years at one of the most celebrated of the European universities. Those of my native country were too expensive to be included in our speculations; and, after much consideration, my mother decided upon sending me to Leyden, where she possessed a remote connexion, a distant relation having married a rich burgomaster of that place, Paul Von Ketzler by name, to whom she gave me a letter of introduction. What a parting was ours! My dear, dear mother! Never shall I forget the struggle which she sustained between her grief at our separation and her joy at seeing me go forth, full of hope and expectation, to fulfil the wishes which she had cherished from my cradle. I had not disappointed her. My ideas, principles, and attainments had surpassed her fondest anticipations: my acquirements were perhaps heightened in her view by maternal partiality, but in the sentiments of my heart she was not deceived. We were both unacquainted with the world, in which I was now to seek my fortune; but neither of us entertained the slightest fear that its vices and its temptations would undermine the integrity of the wanderer; and, happily, our confidence was not abused.

How beautiful the haunts of my infancy appeared at the moment which obliged me to leave them! Our kind neighbours too! My heart warmed towards them with unusual ardour. I wrung the red hand of old Martin Grimsby in our parting salutation, and shed tears of affection on the broad bosom of his wife, for, though we were proud and high-minded in one sense of those words, neither my mother nor myself ever betrayed a haughty and unsocial spirit, or withdrew from occasional intercourse with those around us, who, howsoever inferior in birth and education, possessed qualities worthy of our regard; and these good folks, notwithstanding their condemnation of

Mrs Somerville's system, which, they thought, would lead to bookish idleness rather than to prosperity, were exceedingly attached to us both. It was, therefore, a source of infinite consolation to me, that my mother was left to the kind offices of people so ready to afford her every friendly assistance in their power.

I was not very splendidly equipped with money; for, after my outfit was purchased, and my passage paid, only a small sum remained from my mother's savings, and of that, as she was now obliged to divide her income with me, I would accept but half. Yet I was not discouraged by my poverty. I was going to seek knowledge at the fountain head, and doubted not that my zeal and perseverance would be rewarded by honours and dignities, which would gladden my mother's heart, and secure to me all that my spirit panted to obtain.

I arrived safely in Holland, after a prosperous voyage, and proceeded, immediately upon landing, to the place of destination. A few hours journey brought me to Leyden; and as I had made myself acquainted with the steps which it was necessary to take, I was soon enrolled as a member of the university, and provided with a lodging suited to the state of my finances. I paused for a day to refresh, and having taken as much pains with my exterior as the contents of my wardrobe would allow, I hastened to deliver my credentials, and pay my respects to Mr Von Ketzler. He lived in a very good house in the Rapenburg, a street inhabited chiefly by the most respectable families, and the outer aspect of his mansion gave evidence of the wealth contained within. I was ushered into a large parlour, where the burgomaster was seated in an arm-chair, dozing and smoking the time away after dinner; whilst a young girl, perched upon a stool at his side, was reading the newspaper aloud. He put down his pipe, opened a pair of dull grey eyes at my entrance, and perceiving the letter in my hand, held out his own to receive it, and pointing to a chair,

which his daughter had already placed for me, broke the seal and began to read without saying a word. The young lady did not speak, but her eyes were eloquent, and I employed the same dumb language to thank her for the welcome which they gave. I supplied her with a chair in return for the civility which she had shewn to me; but modesty forbade me to intrude my conversation until her father should have broken a silence which I at first feared would be interminable, and afterwards thought had not lasted half long enough. Mr Von Ketzler turned the letter over and over, and read it at least three times before he made any comment. In the interim I was looking at Stella, and she at me. We sat opposite to each other, upon two tall high-backed chairs of bright mahogany, so smoothly polished that we had some difficulty to avoid slipping away from them, the slightest movement being fraught with danger. Stella was exquisitely beautiful: her skin, of the purest red and white, was one moment tinted with the delicate hue of the Provence rose, and in the next deepened into the richest carnation. Her eyes were dark and brilliant, her hair was glossy and luxuriant, and her figure, despite of the cumbrous drapery which her countrywomen had not yet abandoned, was perfect. I could have gazed forever, and I absolutely started, when the burgomaster, having at length made himself perfectly master of the contents of my mother's epistle, said, "Young man, my wife is dead!" Stella's smiles disappeared, and she put her hand to her eyes; "but though," he added, "I do not exactly understand the degree of relationship which Mrs Somerville claims to my deceased partner, she I remember was a sedate, gentle kind of person, and for her sake I consent to admit you occasionally to my house."

Stella, during this harangue, had glanced over the letter. "My dear cousin," said she, presenting her hand. "My dear cousin," said I, pressing it to my lips. "Cousin?"

cried the old man, "What is this?" "My dear father," replied Stella, "this is the only relative of my beloved mother, whom I have ever been so happy as to see: you know I call all the Van Blocks, and Van Dolts, and the Freuzensteins, and the Glabbermuldens, cousins, why should I not extend the same title to the members of my mother's family? This gentleman and I are of the same degree of kindred to each other."

She spoke like an oracle—the burgomaster looked mystified, but made no reply: and I, eager to improve her good opinion, unloosed my tongue, and talked to her of that dear parent whose modest virtues had won her father to receive an otherwise uncommended stranger to his house. I obeyed the impulse of my heart in making my mother the subject of my conversation; for, had I given an instant of reflection, I should in all probability have feared to excite her ridicule by thus openly displaying the extent of my filial affection. Unconsciously, however, I had found the nearest way to her attention and regard. "Never let the world deprive you of these sentiments," said she, "for you can only deserve to possess a good mother whilst you can appreciate the value of such a treasure. I have been deprived of mine, and I know that the loss must be irreparable." Mr Von Ketzler having now rallied his faculties, which had wandered in the attempt to amalgamate the strange name of Somerville, with the familiar sounds of the Glabbermuldens and Freuzensteins, interrupted a conversation beginning to grow very interesting, by saying, "Well, young man, you may come and dine here on Sunday week."—The invitation was extremely agreeable in itself, but, much against my inclination, I was constrained to take it as a hint to withdraw. Accordingly, having expressed my fervent gratitude and ready acceptance, I bowed, sighed, pressed Stella's hand, and departed.

It seemed an eternity to Sunday week. Six or eight hours every day

were beguiled with my studies, and the rest were spent in walking up and down under the trees which skirted the canal of the Rapenburg, in the hope of catching a single glimpse of my newly-discovered cousin. In one respect it was fortunate that Stella had made so strong an impression on my mind; for, without the interest which she had awakened, I should scarcely have been able to endure my residence in Leyden. Accustomed to the sublime scenery of America, and enthusiastically attached to the beauties of nature, I recalled its bright flashing rivers, with their rapids and cataracts, as I stood by the lazy waters of the narrow canals, and sighed at the melancholy change, and as my eyes wandered over a wide undeviating plain, which the horizon encircled like a cupola, I thought of the crag and the mountain which lifted their gigantic summits to the skies, and longed to lose myself in the tangled mazes of the wilderness, instead of loitering through the strait formal avenues and smooth shaven bowling-greens which presented themselves with wearying sameness to the view.

Upon the appointed day I was ready immediately after church to attend my invitation in the Rapenburg. I had never seen Stella since my first visit. She was not to be detected at the windows; and if she took the air in the street, it was during the hours in which I attended lectures. Unfortunately I had not the opportunity of meeting her at the houses of her acquaintance, for I had no introduction, no friends in the city of Leyden.—She looked even more beautiful than before, as she advanced to greet me on my second appearance in the great parlour. A brother burgess was seated with the old gentleman, and two other guests were standing at the table, both young, but of different sexes. To the first, whom Miss Von Ketzler introduced, a plump cherry-cheeked girl of eighteen, I was ready to pay the most profound respect. The appearance of the second did not please me so well—a stout goodish-looking young fellow

of five-and-twenty, whom she also called cousin. One of the Van Blocks or Van Dolts, thought I; but I was mistaken, his name turned out to be De Winton: he was just returned from France, and sported a Parisian snuff-box: he preferred maraschino to *schnapps*, smoked nothing but segars, quoted the poetry of Jacob Catts, and in short was quite a Dutch dandy. Stella, with great ingenuity, contrived to oblige this gentleman to devote his attention to her blooming friend, Miss Catherina Blomberg, and gave to me the stranger's privilege, a seat next to her, and the largest share of her conversation. This arrangement, I perceived, was as disagreeable to Mr De Winton as it was delightful to me. Sometimes he looked deeply mortified, at others fierce and inclined to quarrel. However, he consoled himself at last by a desperate flirtation with his rosy companion, who listened, nothing loth, to a multitude of fine speeches, garnished with snatch- es of songs on the subject of love.

*"Lachjis lonkjes toverlusjes
Kneepjes, wenkjes, Zachte, kusjes;
Kusjes, geurig als muskaant
Zoel als versche konigraat."**

Mr Von Ketzler, though apparently absorbed in his pipe, every now and then gave indications that the state of affairs was not in any degree pleasing to him. His dull comprehension could not penetrate the *ruse* of his daughter's slighted lover, whose affections, to him seemed veering towards Catherina. Ian De Winton was a rich prize, and the burgomaster was evidently afraid of losing it. In the mean time I had fallen desperately in love, and the frank but modest encouragement which I received from my sweetest of cousins, tempted me to make an effort to save her from being sacrificed to a forward, conceited, opinionated, half civilized boor; and, full of this hope, I parted

* "Laughs and glances, charming blisses,
Pressing nods, and gentle kisses;
Kisses sweet as honey dew,
Fragrant as the nutmeg too."

from her after an evening of uninterrupted felicity. I had discovered her usual time of walking, and now met her frequently on the public promenades. It is true she was generally attended by my rival, but she walked between us, and her ear was ever ready to listen to the overflowings of my heart, whilst she averted her head from De Winton. I was no longer invited to the house; yet, with the sanguine temperament of inexperienced youth, I did not despair of gaining Von Ketzler's approbation of my suit, and toiled unceasingly to gain a reputation which I trusted would prove a passport to his favour. In this point I was grievously deceived. The miser's soul could not appreciate any merit save that which was constituted by gold. "Mammon won its way, where seraphs might despair." My fair cousin began to look melancholy as Ian De Winton pressed her to accept his offered hand; and in the forlorn expectation of softening the burgomaster's heart by a pathetic appeal to his feelings, we threw ourselves at his feet, confessed our mutual attachment, and implored him to accede to our marriage. I had imagined that the imperturbability of the Dutch trader could not be materially insulted on any occasion whatever, and I was proportionably amazed and confounded at the fury of his countenance and manner: the pipe fell from his hand, every feature was convulsed and distorted by passion, as he rattled out a tremendous volley of very intelligible curses upon our astounded ears, and threatened us with his eternal malediction if we dared to entertain even a thought of an union, to which he pledged himself never to give his consent. We were both overpowered. I felt like a criminal; for what had I to offer my beloved in exchange for the comforts of her father's home? Could I ask her to share my poverty, with her gentle spirit depressed by the consciousness of having deserved the hardships of her fate in acting in direct opposition to the wishes of an only parent? Oh,

why had I indulged my own wild selfish passion, and sought to involve her in its consequences? Why had I crossed the wide ocean to bring misery into the bosom of one so amiable and so virtuous, a creature who ought to have been sheltered from every evil of life? These painful reflections followed me to my solitary chamber, they haunted my feverish slumbers, and embittered every hour of my existence.

As the only reparation in my power to make, I wrote to Mr Von Ketzler, offering to renounce all hope and pretension to the hand of Stella if he would enter into an engagement never to make any attempt to force her to marry against her inclinations; but to this epistle he did not vouchsafe a reply, and I learned that preparations were making for nuptials which I knew to be abhorrent to every feeling of her heart. To save the devoted girl from the destiny which awaited her, was now my only thought, and I besought her to give me a husband's right to protect her from outrage, assuring her of a welcome to my mother's heart and house, and endeavouring to prove that, even with my slender patrimony, added to my industry to support us, she would find enough for the decencies, though not for the splendours of the world. I waited anxiously for her answer—it was brought to me in a few words: "A plot is laid against you by De Winton, from which you can escape only by flight, quit Leyden immediately, as you value my peace, and doubt not that I shall find the means to avoid an union with a wretch who seeks your life."

It was not in the nature of man to obey such a command, and to fly at the first sound of danger; a foreigner, and a stranger in Leyden, it was not impossible that I might be entrapped by the subtlety of a secret enemy; but I must be made acquainted with the extent of his machinations before I could resolve to defeat them by such ignoble means, the last to which an undaunted spirit could resort. For Stella's sake, however, I deter-

mined to proceed with caution ; and, checking the impulse which prompted me to rush to the market-place and seize the traitor by the throat, I hurried into the environs of the town, to calm the agitation of my mind, and after an hour's perambulation returned, directing my walk towards the quarter where my gentle friend resided, in the hope of being able to draw her forth to meet me passing through a street which commanded a full view of the Rapenburg, with its double rows of trees, its canal gay with vessels, gilded pleasure yachts from the Hague, glittering in the sunbeams, I could not help contrasting the tranquillity of the scene with the tumult in my breast. It was the hour of dinner, and few persons were abroad ; the air was still, the sky of one bright blue, and the atmosphere dazzling as a veil of molten gold. Suddenly, as I gazed, a vessel laden with gunpowder, which lay exactly opposite to Mr Von Ketzler's house, was torn from her moorings, streams of fire burst from it in all directions, a thick black cloud enveloped every surrounding object and darkened all the heavens ; whilst a sound, louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder, instantly followed the explosion, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin ! For some moments, terror and consternation paralyzed the senses of the crowd, who had rushed involuntarily from their habitations, and a horrid stillness prevailed ; but this was immediately succeeded by the most appalling shrieks and lamentations. Unaware of the cause of the catastrophe, every one inquired wildly of his neighbour, whether the destruction of the world had not already commenced ; but as the sable cloud which had hitherto involved us in deep gloom rolled partially away, the nature of the calamity, now dreadfully increased by flames which burst from four different parts of the ruins, was revealed to the shuddering survivors.

To gain the smouldering fragments of Von Ketzler's house was now my

sole object, and I speeded onwards to the spot. Black and ghastly, yet entire amid the mere vestiges of human bodies and household ornaments, lay the corse of De Winton. He who had so lately sought my life was now nothing but dust and ashes. Horror-struck, I gazed for a moment on the dismal spectacle, and then turned sickening away, expecting that the next object that would meet my burning eyes would be the mangled remains of my beloved Stella. Alternately supported by new-born hopes, and a prey to frantic despair, I searched amongst the gaping fissures of the sooty pile until the closing in of night added new horrors to the scene. Houses were falling around me, and from every crevice of the ruins issued volumes of black sulphureous smoke, which burst at intervals into wide conflagration. The raging flames cast a horrible glare on the rent walls and prostrate masses of misshapen stones, and the roaring winds of a gathering storm howled around me like the yells of some demon rejoicing over the misery and desolation of mankind. I was chained to the house of Von Ketzler : provided with a pick-axe, I rested not a moment from my labours during the whole of that hideous night ; with the dawn of morning my spirits revived. The widely extended ruins now assumed the appearance of hills and valleys covered with multitudes of workmen, and the recovery of a living creature from the jaws of destruction, which I sometimes witnessed, kept alive the faint spark of hope that still gleamed in my heart. About noon the lifeless body of the unfortunate burgomaster, dreadfully disfigured, was dragged from beneath a heap of stones which had crushed him in their fall : I threw myself on the earth in despair, as his mangled remains were borne before me. Every individual belonging to this fated house seemed doomed to destruction, and I was only seeking a confirmation of my fears, an object that would fire my brain with madness. As I lay groaning in the agony of my grief, a low faint

sound struck upon my startled ear : it was the voice of a human being—I called my comrades around me, and with a heart panting and quivering with emotion, I followed the inspiring signal. We proceeded with the greatest care and caution, till at length we opened a cavity, which, propped by a huge stone, had shielded the lovely form of Stella from impending death. I snatched my treasure to my heart and bore her swiftly away from the scene of horror.*

FROM METASTASIO.

Placido Zefirello,
Se trovi, &c.

BREATHE on, breathe on, thou summer gale,
But if thou meet'st the youth I prize,
Tell him thou bear'st a tender tale,
Thou comest fraught with tender sighs ;
But say not *whose* fond-heaving breast
Hath fanned thy pinion of unrest.

Flow on, flow on, thou river tide,
In murmurs to my lov'd one's ears ;
Tell him thy current's silver pride
Is sullied with a maiden's tears ;
But say not *whose* o'erflowing eyes
Have poured to Love this sacrifice.

IS LOVE A CRIME ?

Is love a crime ? the crimson streak
That mantles o'er thy youthful cheek,
Those downcast eyes, too plainly speak
Of secret care ; and prove
Love is a crime of deepest dye,
Of darkest guilt, or tell me why
That blushing cheek and downcast eye,
If 'tis no crime to love ?

Is love a crime ? at twilight hour,
When evening dews begem each flower,
Why dost thou quit the festal bower,
Through pathless wilds to rove ?

Oh, how unmeet for one so young,
Is that slow step, that faltering tongue !
Then tell me whence such change hath
sprung,
If 'tis no crime to love ?

Is love a crime ? the pearly dew
That dims that eye of heavenly blue,
That lately shone in radiant hue,
The sapphire's light above,
Must answer all ; and tell thee by
Thy youthful bosom's frequent sigh,
Thy changing cheek and tearful eye,
That 'tis a crime to love.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 25, 1825.

DURING the *Carnival*, a circumstance occurred which still affords subject for remark and satire in our *salons*, and also in our *bureaux*. At that period, several *grands seigneurs* gave magnificent balls, &c. Mr R—— also gave his fete. His cards were not spared ; and he collected in his brilliant *salons*, Rue d'——,

all that the court and the capital can boast of rank and fashion.—In the course of the evening, and in the midst of a *contre-dance*, the master perceived one of his clerks bounding with as much ease and grace as any of the party, and, stepping up to him as soon as it was possible, exclaimed —“I am perfectly astonished, sir, to see you in my *salon*.” *Comment*

* The city of Leyden has suffered twice from explosions of gunpowder ; once in 1481, and again in 1507 ; in 1415 a convent was burnt, and most of the nuns perished in the flames : it was dreadfully injured by a seige in 1573, and by the plague in 1624 and 1635. The misfortunes of this city have become proverbial, and its very name has given rise to a pun : “Leyden is Lijden.” Leyden, the name of the city, and Lijden to suffer, have the same pronunciation in the Dutch language.

Donc, Monsieur! I received a card of invitation."—"You do not mean that I am to believe that—it is impossible."—" *Le voici!*"—"Well, sir, there must be some mistake:—this is not your place. Do you know that you dance with marchionesses, countesses, duchesses, princesses!?" This conversation, in a high tone, among four hundred persons, had many auditors: it was repeated: many a shrug of the shoulder took place of the light fantastic step. Some were shocked at the negligence with which the billets had been issued, and retired as soon as possible, because they did not know in what company they were called to figure; but the greater number, more generous, were ashamed of their host rather than of his company—and were displeased at the pride, the want of breeding, and of *convenance*, which he displayed. In all the *salons* and *bureaux* of Paris, it is asked—"Was not Mr R——, then, a *commis* before he was a banker and a *baron*?"

Our *agens de change* (stock brokers) are now very great men, and even rival the barons and bankers themselves. They gave lately a masked ball, and on that occasion something occurred rather more ludicrous than the scene at the banker's. It happened, as it generally does in such society, that a number of persons adopted the Turkish costume. When the supper was ready, the ta-

ble was found too small for the guests—" *Soyez tranquille,*" said a Greek to an Indian, "I wager that we shall soon have room enough." He went immediately towards two Turks who were walking together, and whispered behind them—"A considerable robbery has just been discovered, and a man in the Turkish dress has been denounced; they are about to decide on searching all the Turks, and you will do well to be on your guard." The Turks gave the word to several of their countrymen; and fearing some trick, as the Turks are not very popular here, they filed off in such numbers, that the Greek and the Indian found the table rather too large than too small.

M. Sarlandière has published a work on a new remedy, which has thrown into the greatest alarm the *marchands de sang-sucs*. This new remedy, which has already a certain vogue, it is called *l'acupuncture*, and has been imported from Japan, where it is used, *dit on*, with great success. It cures, at the moment, (according to its partizans) the most inveterate gout and Rheumatism. The remedy consists merely in pricking the diseased parts with a magnetic needle. Its efficacy is assured in all topical affections. The war is commencing between the believers and the unbelievers, and no doubt the contest will be *bloody*.

THE BARONESS VALERIE DE KRUDENER.

FANATACISM is so often imposture, under the mask of zeal, that there are many cases which we know not whether to pity or condemn. Madame de Krudener possessed so many private virtues, that we are willing to suppose her rather under the influence of a strong infatuation, than like Prince Hohenlohe, preaching and prophecying contrary to his conviction. Her biography has been so well traced in that excellent work *Biographie Nouvelle des*

Contemporains, that we cannot do better than give a translation of it.

The Baroness Valerie de Krudener, an *illuminee* of the nineteenth century, was, perhaps formed to become one of the most useful and distinguished women of the age, had she not given herself up to a mystical vocation, an exalted illuminism, and a religious enthusiasm, which reason disavows and the present state of knowledge repels; and which struck with sterility, and even covered with

ridicule, the most amiable gifts and the most remarkable faculties of the mind. She was the daughter of Count de Wittenkoff, Governor of Riga, and great granddaughter of the celebrated Marshal Munich. She was born in 1765. She possessed an enchanting countenance, an elegant and ready wit, with flexible features, which always expressed mind and sentiment. She was of the middle stature, beautifully formed; her blue eyes always displayed serenity, with an animation that, as Diderot expressed it, traversed the past in the future. Her brown hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and there was something in her person and manner that seemed new, singular, and striking.

Such were the physical advantages of the Baroness de Krudener, who was Ambassadress at Berlin, in 1798.

Idolized in the circle of fashion, she loved it. Her rank, her wit, her qualities, rendered her one of the first women in Europe. Her charms inspired her husband's Secretary of Legation with a fatal passion. The Baron was then Russian Ambassador at Venice. This rendered her name still more celebrated; and she wrote a delightful novel, in which she relates, with the deepest sensibility, the fate of the unfortunate young man who committed suicide for her; which served to fix the attention of Europe on the heroine of the novel.

This work, intituled *Valerie*, (her christian name), is written with an enthusiasm and in a vein, which already announced an ardent and disturbed mind that would soon look down upon the vulgar regions of human society as beneath it, and seek, beyond the sphere of common ideas and reasonable thoughts, a purer atmosphere. At the commencement of the Revolution, Madame K. visited and resided in the south of France, with her daughter-in-law, Sophia de Krudener, (since married to a Spaniard,) and her two children. A year after, she returned to Germany, and from that period to 1805 or 1806, history is silent respecting her. At that epoch she appeared

again in the scene, not as the brilliant Prussian Ambassadress, but as the penitent Magdalen. She now conceived herself to be a messenger of the Almighty, and possessed of an irresistible calling. The vase of perfumes is broken; she forgot the distinctions she had enjoyed; she forgot her friendships, and all the vanities of the world; she wept over mankind, their errors, and even her own youth. She had been a widow for some years, and she divided her time between her mother and those works of charity of which she was prodigal, and which soon drew upon her the suspicions of Government. A great number of persons in distress, to whom she gave an asylum, and provided for all their wants, followed her wherever she went.

Valerie stated her mission to be, to establish the reign of Christ on earth. Never was so much generosity, grace, and zeal, united to such an ardent perseverance, as in this ultra-Evangelical mission. However, the monarchs of the earth were displeased with this street teaching, and that the tone of inspiration should be employed to recruit the population of their dominions, for a sovereign whose kingdom is not of this world. Dismissed with rudeness from the states of the King of Wurtemburgh, she found hospitality for herself and her company of the faithful in the domains of the Elector of Baden. By degrees, she became herself one of the *Powers* of Europe. The Cabinets of Princes leagued against her predictions, and she marched from kingdom to kingdom by means of negotiations; for it was not every state that would admit this *imperium in imperio*. The events of the earth followed their course, and Napoleon fell. Valerie considered this a propitious moment for the conversion of mankind which she had so courageously undertaken. To Paris she followed the Emperor Alexander, whom she called *The Lord's anointed*, and whom she seriously believed chosen by Heaven to be the regenerator of the world: there, giving herself up

entirely to the delirium of her disordered imagination, she left no means untried to make proselytes.

In the mystic conferences, in which a young Genevese, named Empeytas, seconded her, she explained the ancient prophecies, and those of the north, and called to her aid visions, voices from heaven, and day dreams and night dreams.

The powers of the Earth went three times a week to these *theurgic* and mysterious assemblages, where the purple of the Autocrat of the North humbled itself before the words of this extraordinary woman. Public opinion has long assigned to Madame Krudener the religious ceremony of the Camp of Virtue, and the HOLY ALLIANCE, as the productions of her fervent brain; and no one has attempted to contradict the public voice. May she not have to repent too bitterly the effects of her eloquence and her *prestiges* on the future destinies of the nations and of the sovereigns of Europe! Subject herself to the empire of that glowing faith, to which she easily converted all who heard her without distrust, this woman whom we cannot blame without pitying, and on whom the philosopher looks with more compassion than surprise, very frequently fancied herself transported into the regions of death and eternal life, and that there she held converse with the angels: thus, after the death of young Labedoyère (to whose sorrows, previous to his execution she paid the tribute of abundant weeping), she shed tears of joy: she had seen him, she said, clothed with celestial glory: she had spoken to him, and he had answered, "I am happy!" David, (by this name she designated her Lord's anointed, the Emperor Alexander) quitted Paris, and she followed him. From this period, her life has been a series of trials and tribulations, which she has received as the gift of Heaven.

Her friends in Germany had forgotten her; her faithful flock had abandoned their leader. She was forbidden to enter France; she wander-

ed from one Swiss canton to another, tormented and persecuted by the magistrates, who would let her have no rest. At length the canton of Argovie offered her an asylum: aided by M. Empeytas, she preached a long time at Arau and its vicinity; thousands of the faithful hastened from the borders of the lakes and mountains, to eat the bread of life from the hands of the founder of the new worship. The prophetess, standing on a hillock, preached for five or six hours together, in the open air; and these long improvisations, these long journies, the absence of sleep and the want of food, had no effect on the health of Valerie. From this feeble person, in whom a delicacy of constitution hastened a premature old age, the voice of an oracle issued; the infirmities of nature seemed not to dare approach the missionary of charity.

"Behold me," she would say, "am I not in my own person a perpetual miracle!"

Valerie, catechising the sovereigns, the great, the sinners of the earth, and the poor, of the nineteenth century, offers the most faithful translation of that beautiful passage of Virgil, wherein he paints so divinely the inspirations of the Pythonissa. Unfortunately for the Baroness de Krudener, human laws declared themselves in direct opposition to the divine laws announced by the prophetess. The flock was dispersed, the oracles of the humble Pythonissa were declared seditious and she was obliged to return to her own country.

Here she languished under an interdiction from her guardian friend and disciple "David" to teach or preach; her followers no longer were permitted to form a body; and as the flame of fanaticism, like every other flame, requires constant feeding, her followers fell away, and, no doubt, relapsed into the "sinfulness of sin," and she was suffered to expire in the Crimea, almost alone and forgotten, in the month of January last.

Her powers of persuasion were very great, and many who went to laugh remained to pray. To Madame Krudener is owing, we believe, the conversion of M. Benjamin de Constant, and the work on religion

he is now publishing. Such was the awe her words sometimes inspired, that her hearers, and M. Benjamin de Constant with the rest, fell flat on their faces in her presence.

THE MYSTERY :

A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

HAMLET.

IT was on a foggy evening in the beginning of January, 1824, that I determined on witnessing the execution of Thurtell, whose doom was fixed for the following day. It was one of those nights on which an Englishman is said to have a more than ordinary *penchant* for a halter—wet, dark, gloomy, and miserable—the heavens and the earth all seemed wrapt in one melancholy gloom, the dogs, as they perambulated the slippery pavement, dropped their ears, and crawled along with their tails between their legs, as if labouring under the heaviness of the atmosphere; while men, women and children, glided almost imperceptibly through the fog, like beings of another world. The steeple of St James's church was enveloped in gloom, the entrance of the Burlington Arcade, which but a few hours since, was dazzling with beauty and fashion, now reminded the spectator of Dante's Hell; the brilliancy of the shop windows was dimmed by the fog, and the lights were of a deep blood coloured tinge. The horns of the coachguards, and the shouts of the cads, apparently proceeded from invisible beings, for not a human form was discernible at a yard's distance. All was darkness, chaos, and mystery. With my person enveloped in an upper benjamin, and my mind in the gloom which on every side surround-

ed me, I ascended the top of the Hertford coach. The vehicle appeared to dash through the fog, like the chariot of Phaëton through the clouds, the horses were invisible, and saving the red nose of the coachman, which glimmered through the gloom with a Bardolphian brilliancy, all was darkness. Not until we had reached the venerable town of Edmonton, did I gain possession of any one of my faculties—and then what was my horror and alarm at being startled by a deep and unmeaning whisper, which seemed neither addressed to me nor to aught else that was visible. Soon, however, a sudden jolt of the vehicle quieted my fears, by assuring me of the presence of another being, not a foot from me, whom the fog had till now rendered effectually obscure. I endeavoured in vain to catch the sounds, which, as if in unison with the scene, were all equivocation and mystery. Presently, words of direful import caught mine ears, fearfully distinct, such as, "the night must be dark—trust that to me;"—a short diabolical laugh, or rather yell, interrupted the speaker—my heart fluttered within me—I could hear my wrist vibrate with my pulse. They were evidently some desperate men, and a plot of theft or murder was doubtless in contemplation. What an awful situation! What was to be done? Were I to attempt alarming

the coachman, I should certainly get shot through the head. Mute with agitation, I listened again, "Dickens must not know of the job; d—n him he 'peached at the last Assizes—Ay, you had a narrow escape there, Jack"—a tremendous oath here was uttered aloud. After an awful pause this mysterious dialogue was continued, at intervals I caught the following, which can never be effaced from my memory: "Who holds the lantern?—Arn't you afraid of mother, Jones? No, d—n her, though she owes me a grudge, she likes a drop"—"of blood," uttered I to myself. I could listen no longer for some time, so thoroughly was I stupified with horror. Another interval ensued—I could hear them press closer to each other; but could not catch a sound, so deep was their whisper—two words alone did I hear—"Bury them." I listened with breathless anxiety for the reply, which was almost distinct—"in the gravel pit at Horton's wood—no chance of being disturbed."—At these awful words, which seemed to convey the assurance of the perpetration of the bloody deed, I felt all my vital powers suspended, my knees knocked together, a cold sweat ran over me, my teeth chattered in my head, and I nearly fell off the ridge of the coach. How long this suspension continued, I cannot say; the first gleam of returning reason found me laying on the floor of an old fashioned room. A lantern, from which a rushlight shed just sufficient light to render "darkness visible," enabled be to discover I was in the midst of groups of great coats piled into heaps, which continually sent forth a deep and sonorous sound, much resembling snoring. It was some time before I discovered that I was in the travellers' room at an inn at Hertford, and in consequence of the execution that was to happen the next day, every bed was occupied, and I had, therefore, been forced to take up my quarters in my present uncomfortable situation. The conversation that I heard outside the stage, still rung dolefully in my ears, and

although I endeavoured to banish it from my mind I could not succeed. Half sleeping, half waking, I fancied the scene that was about to be performed, I saw the victim "in my mind's eye," sleeping—alas! for the last time—the murderers enter with looks of dark determination written on their features—the instruments sharpened—and in another moment, steeped in the heart's blood of the wretched victim—at this very instant I was startled by an ominous sound—it was the deep parting groan, or else an indubitable snore.—I saw them drag the body to the wood, and bury it in the gravel pit. Heavens! what were my feelings then! I had, however, no need to court my mind with imaginary horrors, for hardly had another moment elapsed, before I was startled by the self same ominous whisper—"are you asleep, Jack?"—"No, d—e, the workings of that confounded *conscience*"—I filled up the chasm with—keeps me awake—"such gripings"—of remorse, uttered I to myself. Here their voices were again lost, the interval, however, only served to render the climax more horrible. "I did not know you were concerned in the job."—"All by chance."—"How did he die?"—"He struggled so infernally that I thought, at first, I had missed my aim; prayed for his wife and children; told me that the blood would be on my head; why I asked his pardon; much as one gentleman could do for another in such a case;—(hideous levity!)—offered him my hand; told me he forgave me with all his life and heart, and at last kicked the bucket."—Powers of mercy! what a horrid disclosure! It was not however, all; the ruffian continued:—"Never sent a finer corpse out of the world in my life; neither watch in his fob, nor money in his pocket; poor affair; that old Jew, Solomon, would give me but thirteen shillings for his clothes; the shirt, having none to wear, I kept myself.—Even Ikey, who's a dab at the slaughtering business, confessed he never saw a job so genteelly done; not seven minutes and a-half from

—till all was over ; he looked just as if he were asleep ; once I thought he opened his eyes ; what a—fright I was in.”—Who got the body ?”—(Another pause)—“determined not to be cheated ; why a’nt I a right to my honest earnings as well as —, (here occurred the name of a great general officer) who kills fifty men while I do one ? I put it in a sack, and took it to the Blenheim Repository ; Brookes gave me a five pound note, two of the students offered more ; but I like to be honourable.”—Heaven and earth ! what a disclosure ! the “deed was done,”—he had confessed he was a murderer ! The blood still was clotting on his hands. I looked on his face—’twas savage beyond de-

scription—a wild ferocity gleamed from his eyes—an unnatural smile curled on his lips, and shewed his yellow and shagged teeth. I know not what I felt at the sight of this monster.—I endeavoured in vain to awake one of the sleeping group—my tongue seemed cleaved to the roof of my mouth—at length a sudden impulse seemed to animate me—disregarding my personal safety I seized the horrid being by the collar of his coat,—“Wretch ! outcast ! speak, who, and what are you ?”—“Me, master ! you need not clench so hard—John Ketch, executioner to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—at your service !!!”

THE SICK CHILD : A MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

He sleeps !—the infant suff’rer sleeps—
Unconscious of the bitter pain,
The anxious watch a mother keeps ;—
The sighs she would repress—in vain,
While o’er his couch she leans and weeps,
Fast as the drops of summer rain !

He sleeps !—nor dreams he of the care
That rends a mother’s aching breast ;
He hears not the low-murmur’d prayer,
(Where hope seems wrestling with despair)
That asks his life—while others rest ;

He hears it not ;—“Oh ! God ! (she cries)
Give ME to bear this infant’s pain ;—
I’ll murmur not—so those sweet eyes
Awake to health and joy again ;
And light will seem my agonies,
So that *his* lips may not complain !”

Fond mourner ! know’st thou not, in love,
In mercy, was this chastening sent,
By HIM who rules, and reigns above,
Some greater evil to remove,
And not for wrathful punishment ?

Perchance, to shew thy heart how frail
Are the best hopes we cling to here ;
To warn thee, by that cheek so pale,
And that fair brow, as marble clear,
How early death may rend the veil
That covers our existence here !

To teach thee—should yon suff’rer live,
To train him for a world more pure ;
Not for the honours earth can give,
(They only glitter to deceive)
But make his heavenly calling sure !

Perchance, ’twas sent to bid thy heart,
That too much worshipped earthly things,
Embrace that wiser—better part,
To which no worldly passion clings ;
To show how weak—how frail thou art,
How vain the blessings fortune brings !

Deem it not hard ; Heaven doth approve
The feelings of a soul like thine ;
For sacred is a MOTHER’S love,
And angels waft such sighs above,
As off’rings at RELIGION’S shrine.

SERENADE.

O, LISTEN to thy lover’s lay,
For, sweet, thou art not sleeping ;
I see thine eye, like rising day,
Through yonder casement peeping.
For thee I wake my wild guitar,
And breathe my passion free, love ;
Thou shin’st above me, like a star,
And I will worship thee, love,

Oh ! while I seek thy breast to move—
Though rude the song I’m breathing,
I’ll envy not—should’st thou approve—
The brow that fame is wreathing.
Though half the world is laid to rest,
No object’s miss’d by me, love ;
For, with thy beauteous presence blest,
I’ve all the world in thee, love.

ADELAIDE, OR THE HORRORS OF A CONVENT.

THE revolution having brought the French to Italy, one of its consequences was the suspension of the convents, whose inmates were driven forth into the world, and exposed to passions to which in their retirement they had been strangers. This at least was the situation of Adelaide, the youngest nun of Santa Clara, who, expelled from her silent retreat, was now wandering alone along the solitary path which led to the neighbouring village of Ponte San Pietro, the residence of her poor and aged parents. She had scarcely reached the bridge which leads across the turbulent Brembo, when she heard the tramp of horses behind her. Startled like the flying deer, she doubled her steps; but she had not proceeded far, when a handsome man, seated on a noble charger, stopped by her side, and bowing down to her with a kind smile, seemed to offer his arm to protect her. Adelaide's pious looks had never before met a man's eye; never had a man approached her, except her father; trembling, therefore, she could hardly reply to his questions, whither she was going, and whether she would allow him to accompany her? Half by force, half following an inward, unknown impulse, she walked by his side with downcast eyes and in silence, while he gazed with inexpressible rapture on the perfect oval of her countenance, which, relieved by the dark conventual dress, appeared to him like that of a saint.

Hector was a French officer: but in the midst of the horrors which disgraced his country, he had preserved his heart unstained: the dying lessons of a beloved parent were indelibly impressed on his mind, which united youthful fire and an ardent thirst for honour and glory, with a gentle feeling and even a tint of enthusiasm. For the first time he now felt the impression of female beauty, heightened by the romantic scenery

which surrounded them, as much as by the novelty of the incident. From his earliest youth engaged in a destructive war, and hurried away by its various incidents, he had only known the dregs of the female sex, who filled him with hatred and disgust. Now he had met the *ideal* of his heart; should he so soon lose her? he trembled lest they should suddenly arrive at her parents' cottage; he therefore begged Adelaide to sit down and rest herself a little; and the poor girl, fatigued with the heat, and overcome by the feelings which actuated her in her novel situation, consented.

He sat down at her feet, and at last succeeded in replacing her fear by a timid confidence. She now told him, that the severity of her order, but still more the harshness of the abbess, had placed her out of every communication with the world, her parents not excepted, so that she did not even know whether the latter were still alive; that all the nuns had hastened forth and were dispersed in the world, leaving her alone with their superior, till the latter endeavoured to compel her to retire to a wilderness, there to lead the life of a recluse, till the power which now banished her from her beloved convent should be destroyed. But now the desire of again seeing her dear parents, a dark presentiment of joys she had never tasted, seized her youthful heart, and actuated her to fly from her tyrant, and seek protection and comfort among those who loved her.

With every word of her simple narrative, her courage increased; she even once ventured to look at the dangerous man: as the tender forget-me-not develops itself and receives its heavenly tint only in a superior light, thus a new life suddenly beamed from Adelaide's countenance after Hector's dark flaming eye had shined upon her. Who can describe these first, sweet emotions of incipi-

ent love ! The whole world besides vanishes before this delicious feeling ; misfortune may threaten, or bliss entice, the intoxicated heart implicitly yields to its resistless force.

Thus Adelaide suffered herself to be persuaded to wait on the cool spot, where they were seated, the return of Hector's servant, whom he dispatched to the village for the purpose of making inquiries respecting her parents. Happy hour ! but too soon it vanished in sweet eloquent silence, interrupted only by a few detached words pronounced in a whisper.— Too soon did the servant return with the sad tidings that he found the cottage untenanted, and was informed by the neighbours, that at the approach of the foreign foe, Adelaide's parents had retired, no one knew whither. A joyful blush overcast the officer's cheeks. "Well, my dear girl," he said to the sobbing nun, "the whole world has forsaken you, and God seems to have entrusted you to my care ; fear nothing, I will be your protector—follow me to Bergamo ; there I will deliver you into the hands of some respectable females, with whom you may reside, till I succeed in winning for you an earthly paradise, such as you could never hope to find behind your convent walls."

But Adelaide supplicated him to reconduct her to the abbess ; saying, that she would endure every punishment she might inflict on her, rather than that he should expose himself to the wrath of heaven, by soliciting one of its brides. Thus the timid virgin continued for some time to urge upon the stranger, all that fear, superstition, and an instinctive feeling of propriety could inspire her with. At last she threw herself on her knees, and, weeping bitterly, prayed for help or advice from above. But Hector knew how to represent to her the danger of her return to the abbess, her helpless situation, and the purity of his intentions, so urgently, that at last, feeling herself attracted by an undefinable sensation, she reluctantly yielded to his entrea-

ties, and trembling, allowed herself to be raised on his charger, and to be led by Hector's hand to Bergamo.

Richer than an oriental king, who triumphantly leads home the proudly laden camels conquered in battle, Hector gazed with raptures on his fair booty, the conquest of his heart, not of his arms. He delivered her like a precious jewel to the matron, in whose house he had been for some time quartered, and who, treating him as a son, gave a right to expect that she would be equally kind to his interesting *protegee*. Adelaide became soon fondly attached to the kind matron, whose gentleness of manners formed a strong contrast with those of her severe abbess, whose misanthropic disposition had poisoned her youth. Hector saw the charming maiden daily, who, yielding to his entreaties, had at last laid aside the conventual garb, which seemed still to form a partition between them. It was not till he saw her engaged in domestic occupation, her beautiful hair freed from the dark veil which had hitherto concealed it from his eyes, and the dark sackcloth changed for a snowy white robe, that he began to think of the possibility, that this lovely being, whom he had hitherto revered only from a distance, might become his wife. Adelaide, on her side, also felt a strong affection for her kind protector, who, respecting her saint-like reserve, had not yet ventured upon declaring his sentiments to her. She gradually accustomed herself so much to the happiness of seeing him every day, nay every hour, in receiving instruction from him in music, drawing, and other accomplishments, that at last all her wishes became concentrated in the idea of living and dying with him, whose image was constantly before her eyes, and deeply engraven in her heart.

All inquiries that he, in the mean time, made after her parents, proved fruitless. Hector and her kind hostess now remained her only support ; and when at last the generous stranger, overcome by his feelings, con-

fessed that he loved her, and that he could not live without her, she suddenly perceived that his feelings were also hers ; and the noble-minded matron gladly blessed the union of the two lovers. Adelaide learned to forget her former vow : Hector had convinced her that it was no longer binding ; the voice of her heart, too, spoke loudly, and silenced every doubt that could arise. The nun had thrown aside the gloomy veil, and the hand of the loving maiden gladly accepted the myrtle crown that was offered. Hector pushed the preparations for their nuptials with all the haste of impatient love, and the happy couple lived days of bliss in the enjoyment of the delightful present, and in the anticipation of a still happier futurity.

Suddenly the trumpet of war called the French warriors to new combats, and an order arrived for Hector to join immediately, with his battalion, a column which was rapidly advancing to meet the Austrians. A terrible night followed the last day of happiness that Hector had spent with his Adelaide, and which they had adorned with plans for a cloudless futurity. A sudden darkness had now overshadowed them, which forbade every glance upon distant times. A deep sorrow contracted the breast, which a few moments before was expanded by the buoyancy of joy. He placed his fainting bride in the arms of his kind hostess, who promised to be a mother to her, to watch over and comfort her, and never to forsake her. Pale and trembling, he pressed the last parting kiss on her cold lips, tore himself away, to obey the stern call of duty ; and Adelaide opened her eyes upon a dreary cheerless world, in which the kind hand of Reminiscence, and that of her gentle sister, Hope, could alone save her from despair.

Several letters of Hector's arrived, conveying the assurance of the continuance of his love, but at the same time, the intelligence of the daily victories of the Austrians. Soon those tokens of affection no longer appear-

ed, and Adelaide was left to the sad alternative of believing her lover faithless or dead. Numbers of mutilated Frenchmen, flying before a successful enemy, at last convinced her that Hector could be no more. Adelaide's pain was, like her love, and her whole character, deep and gloomy, but without silent display. A picture of sorrow and violent resignation, she would sit for days with her weeping eyes immoveably fixed upon a favourite picture, the gift of Hector's mother, which he had ever worn about him, and which he had left to her as a pledge of his unalterable affection. The kind attention of her foster-mother preserved her from falling into a dangerous disease, and converted the gloom which was hanging over her mind into gentle melancholy, that excited in her an ardent desire of returning to the convent, there to renew, by a strict penance, her interrupted vow, and to pray for the repose of the soul of her lost lover. It was only at the side of her Hector that she had enjoyed life in its fullest bloom and brightness, and with him all had returned to gloom and darkness. She drew forth the sombre veil from its concealment, and again covered with it that lovely brow which had been destined to wear the myrtle crown. Its touch seemed to possess a magic influence, pouring doubts and the pangs of conscience into the broken heart of the unfortunate nun ; the severity of her vow, the straying of her heart, which was only to bear the image of the Saviour, and yet burned for earthly love, weighed heavily upon her superstitious mind.

In this feeling she received the intelligence, that the old order of things had been restored, and all the nuns were summoned to return to their former convents, and it came to her like a call from heaven. In vain did her kind hostess entreat her, with tears ; in vain she represented to her the possibility of Hector's being still alive, and of his ultimately returning to claim her as his betrothed bride—the deeper impression of her early

youth, which the omnipotent power of love alone could have suppressed for a time, awoke with renewed vigour in Adelaide's breast, and banished every other sensation from it; in the bosom of the church only she hoped to find repose, since the world had after such a short period of joy, presented her with the cup of bitterness. She therefore accompanied her to her gloomy retreat, and having embraced her affectionately, she sent her most heartfelt benedictions after her, when the external gate already creaked upon its rusty hinges, and shut upon her whom she was never again to behold in this world.

The stern countenance of the merciless abbess was the first object that saluted her weeping eyes, the fearful anathema of this holy monster the first sounds that struck upon her astounded ears, when she had passed over the threshold of the convent, and tremblingly knelt before its tyrannical superior. The report of her connexion with an officer of the hostile army had gone before her; the sisters fled from her with horror, whilst the hearing of the anathema pronounced upon her crime, broke down the last remains of her shattered spirits. The only words that she uttered were to the effect that she might be permitted to hope for forgiveness through the severest penances. She voluntarily submitted to stand as a criminal, wrapped in the shroud of death, a black taper in her hand, at the entrance of the church, exposed to the contempt of the multitude, which, together with the torments of the sackcloth, fastings, and scourgings, the external tokens of repentance, besides the agonies of a tortured mind, she thought to be requisite to appease a God of mercy for a crime which in *his* eye could be none. But neither the infliction of external pain, nor her unfeigned humility and exemplary piety, could soothe the obdurate hearts of the sisters of the establishment. Their feelings towards her, however, were mercy compared to the rancorous hate of the abbess, who could not brook

the idea of seeing before her a being who had received the bridal kiss of a man, and thus broken her vow of eternal purity. The bitter experience of a dissolute youth had thus envenomed a mind, naturally stern and implacable; wherefore she now thought only of means for the complete destruction of the object of her abhorrence.

The time appointed for Adelaide's severe penance arrived, and when she was now alone in her silent cell, raising her mind in sublime devotion to her Maker, she would feel a heavenly calm within her, and a sacred voice would whisper in her heart, that God had at length forgiven its error, and every doubt, every tormenting thought vanished from her breast. With this peace, with the consciousness that her pure affection for her deceased lover could be no crime, with the reminiscence of the happy time of her acquaintance with him, for the first time, after a long concealment, she again drew forth Hector's picture, and her burning tears fell down upon it; she had pressed it firmly against her heart, and, weighed down by melancholy, she sank into a profound sleep, embellished with the happiest dreams. A wild scream awoke her from her sweet slumber, and the threatening form of the terrible abbess, on whom the light of a gloomy lamp which she carried in her hand threw a ghost-like aspect, stood before her, throwing aside the picture. "Wretch!" cried she to the unfortunate maiden, who sank down before her in an agony of fear, "thy measure is full; no longer shall thy presence pollute these sacred walls; thy doom is the living grave!"

At the end of a long subterraneous passage in the convent, was a solitary niche, which had been the last abode of many victims of blind superstition. Thither Adelaide was led, her veil torn, accompanied by the sepulchral song, and the gloomy torches of the sisterhood. Pale as a corpse, she staggered towards this place of terror; not a sound moved

her lips : incapable of conceiving the idea of the enduring torment that threatened her, she obeyed mechanically her adverse fate, hoping that death would speedily terminate her sufferings. Arrived in the horrible niche, the terrors of which were known to her from tradition, she sank upon her knees in silent prayer. She heard the strokes of hammers above her head, and her senses left her ; when she recovered, the narrow cell, in which she could neither stand nor rest, was surrounded by a thick wall, in which a small opening had been cruelly left, just to allow her sufficient air to prevent suffocation, and to admit the scanty food allotted for her future support. Dead for the whole world, the feeling of her existence proved her torment, till the mercy of God quieted her heart with the comforts of resignation.

Seven years had passed away in this state of misery ; the public events hurried on in constant change, and, unheeded and unsuspected, the sighs of the innocent sufferer reverberated from the walls of her dreary prison. Italy bowed under the iron yoke of the conquerer. The convents were shut up and their communities dispersed for the second time ; and the greedy soldiery penetrated into the most secret recesses of these abodes of superstition and piety, beneficence and crime, in search of booty. Thus they also visited the convent of Santa Clara ; the noisy steps of the savage men re-echoed fearfully through the gloomy cloisters ; but their daring was restrained by the presence of their general, who had threatened the violation of innocence with instant death. His noble form towered high above his surrounding officers, as though nature had ordained him to command ; but care and sorrow had bleached and furrowed his handsome countenance ; with hasty steps he hurried through every passage, and searched in every cell for some living being that could give him the information which his aching breast demanded. It was Hector.—Covered with wounds, he had

been left on the field of battle, and numbered among the dead by his comrades ; but he was saved by the enemy : his wounds were healed, but he pined a poor prisoner in a distant province, and of all the letters he dispatched, none had reached its destination. At last, ransomed by his country, he resumed his rank in its army : there he found opportunities to distinguish himself : he advanced rapidly, and a star soon shone upon his breast ; but, alas ! it gave no peace to his heart. Having returned to Italy, he found the venerable matron of Bergamo slumbering in the grave, the mournful parents of Adelaide returned to their cottage, but every trace of her had vanished behind the brazen gates of Santa Clara. Now it seemed as though the hand of Providence had selected *him* from many thousands to take possession of this convent ; but he already despaired of success, when, suddenly, the groans of a dying female struck upon his ear. They proceeded from the abbess. Almost from the very day when poor Adelaide was plunged into this horrible dungeon, she had begun to labour under a violent disease, and in the moment of death, all her nuns had fled, and she saw now her lonely coach surrounded by foreign warriors. With the utmost exertion she conjured the General to save a wretched being, whom, she said, she had murdered. "Save her !" she stammered, "walled in here, under this room—dead, perhaps !" Here she fell into violent convulsions, which terminated her wretched existence.

It was in vain that Hector strove to gain farther information from her ; she heard him no more. A horrible suspicion arose within him ; he rushed into the passage to which the abbess had pointed ; Adelaide ! he cried, almost unconsciously, and half frantic with apprehension. A gentle groan answered him ; he rushed on, and soon discovered the opening through which the sounds seemed to issue. In a few minutes the wall was destroyed, and the skeleton form of

his once blooming Adelaide lay in his arms ; but she scarcely recollected her preserver. She had been without food for some days, and seemed to have been preserved only by a miracle. With the greatest caution, Hector carried her up from the midst of the mouldering walls of her grave, into the gentle light of day and the mild breeze of heaven. The efforts of a physician at last recalled her to life—she now recognized her Hector, and the first words she uttered after seven years of silence, were a request to be carried to her parents, that she might die in peace. Her request was fulfilled. Near the bridge of Almenô she was met by those parents whom she had never again hoped to see on earth, and the raptures she now felt destroyed the remnant of strength

which her sufferings had yet left. She was treated with all the care required by a sick infant ; neither Hector nor her parents ever quitted the side of her bed ; but the flower of her life was broken forever ; she revived for a short time, and like a plant from distant climes, pined for a few months, and then expired in the arms of those she had loved dearest on earth. Hector divided his fortune with the miserable parents, and found the grave of a hero in the murderous peninsular war.

The curse-covered niche in the convent of Santa Clara was still visible a few years since, when the bereaved parents yet mourned over the grave of their murdered child, and upon whose memory the passing pilgrim willingly shed a tear of sympathy.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I WAS mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following :

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
That has survived the fall !

Cowper, to be sure, was never married in *propria persona* : but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing tea urns, and evening walks, not to mention fireplaces and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentism* against any two in Euclid ; the one is that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half-finished nearly half a century), it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I

took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss : married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram-street, Russell square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham ; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine not to be a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couples should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs Malaprop ; old ones sometimes end with not a little : but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts having nothing to do with the laws of Hymen but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She studied "The Task" on a bench in the High-street, and I read Alexander Selkirk on the Well Walk. Long before the expiration of the period of our allotted banishment from town,

I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

O Solitude, where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which shewed that I felt what I read.—On our arrival in Coram-street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bride-cake had done the business at starting. “Well, my dear Jemima,” said I, “our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty away.” My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach, to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day’s work of it: Mr George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent-road, Mr Æneas Bradshaw in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr and Mrs Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morning-lane, Hackney, and Mrs Agatha Bradshaw, my wife’s maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fullham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom: dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first personage on the visiting list. From him I learnt that the street called Old Bethlehem, was newly christened Liverpool-street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield-street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer’s boy were never seen in either): that Bethlehem Hospital was removed to St George’s Fields:

and that there was not a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre.—The Paragon in the Kent-road next opened its semicircular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife’s first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were thus far rather at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr Æneas Bradshaw, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and had shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity: his politeness too was exemplary: he ventured to hope that I was in good health: he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram-street: he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint, that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete: Lord Liverpool’s house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr Secretary Peel was a capital affair: but still, with great deference he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr Æneas Brad-

shaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bride-cake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram-street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green-street, Grosvenor-square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last mentioned visit, the housemaid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing:" so saying, I opening one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:

"The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks.—The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr and Mrs Andrews now took their turn to request the honour of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet is the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation!

Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation at table strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked of but the shameful height to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried a third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks:—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a seconder of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that, as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them: that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection: that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objection to taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance; and Mrs Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homer-ton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail, her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied: but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitehall Club, I pulled for dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fullham. The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid cram-

med my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and—there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self love, by occupying our ears with her “Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions,” shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers; reminding us that her father the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leather-seller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the trees of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view: that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve, the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the said late Sir B. B.: and that she, the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Sayings and Doings, “read very little English,” I could not but mutter to myself, “Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the river!”

So much for my wife’s relations; and, for aught I know the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the back-ground. It is all very well for my wife: she

is made much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as a bride; whilst I, as a bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed, *sans ceremonie* at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper’s Works as I used to be. “Domestic Happiness” (if every married body’s is like mine,) may have “*survived the Fall*,” but it has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand): and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soapboiler’s vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last: perhaps when my aunt Edwards’ Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time “the grass grows.” I say nothing: but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present soother of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form: “Wanted a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence.”

MEMOIR OF WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

THE life of this amiable and accomplished writer seems to have been hitherto little diversified by multiplicity or peculiarity of incident. Yet the following sketch—unsatisfactory as it may be to those who expect that an author’s “way of life” will be found as romantic as his flights of fancy—still carries with it these particular circumstances of recommendation, namely, that the materials of it are drawn from sources which have not been open to any previous

biographer; and, moreover, that we have the best of all authorities for asserting the incorrectness of what has already appeared in print with respect to the private history of Mr Irving. Indeed, so copious is the information we have received from those friends of his, to whom he obligingly referred us, himself being at present in Paris, that we shall confine ourselves almost to the very language of our informants; interposing merely a few remarks on the inaccu-

racy of former statements, and adding, perhaps, a word or two of general criticism.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New-York, about the year 1782; and, after going through the usual course of preparatory instruction, he became a student of Columbia College. His earliest writings were produced between his seventeenth and nineteenth years. They were sportive effusions, that appeared, about 1804, in a New-York Journal called the *Morning Chronicle*, and alluded to the manners and fashions of the times, as well as to the current theatrical performances.—These essays were carelessly, but humorously, written, and were copied into the newspapers of other cities; but it was not until the year 1824, that they were presented to the notice of English readers; and the re-publication of them as by "*The Author of the SKETCH-BOOK*," is justly censurable as a mercenary trick of trade, by which the reputation of a popular author was endangered, for the paltry profit to be derived by bringing forward again his long forgotten puerilities. Nevertheless, the "*Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle*" are by no means so totally deficient in that grace of style, and peculiar vein of humour, which distinguish the maturer compositions of their author, as his youth might lead one to imagine.

In 1805, the studies of Mr Irving were interrupted by the delicacy of his health. His lungs being thought seriously affected, and a consumption being apprehended, a change of climate was advised. In consequence, he embarked for Bordeaux, where he passed some weeks; and, recovering strength, proceeded to the south of France, and thence to Italy.—His health soon returned; yet, he staid some time at Rome and Naples, making also an excursion into Sicily. Through Switzerland, he re-passed into France; he then came to England, by way of Flanders and Holland; and was restored to his own country, in perfect health, after an absence of two years.

On his return, he resumed the study of the law, which he had before entered upon, though merely to complete his education upon the plan laid down for him by his family.—When he had spent some time with an eminent counsellor, he was in due course admitted to the bar. However, the details of the law were not to his taste, and he did not commence practice, but passed several years in literary pursuits, and in excursions among the interesting scenes of his native land.

In 1807, shortly after his travels in Europe, he engaged with two gentlemen, named Paulding and Verplanck, in an occasional publication termed *Salmagundi*, which had great popularity. The main object of it was to ridicule the prevailing follies of the times, after the manner of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and among the papers was a series of letters in close imitation of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, or Graffigny's *Letters of a Peruvian*. The idea that Mr Irving was not encouraged in America, is quite erroneous; for even his boyish contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* were greatly sought after, and *Salmagundi* attained a degree of popularity altogether unprecedented in the New World. The poetry, which had great spirit, was from the pen of his eldest brother, since dead.

In 1810, he published *Knickerbocker's History of New-York*; a humorous and satirical work, in which existing customs and follies were whimsically clothed with the antiquated garb of a former century, and paraded forth as coeval with the old Dutch Dynasty, at the early settlement of the city. The satire extends to the measures of the general government of the country, as well as to the particular usages of the metropolis. This publication was eagerly received. Some slight umbrage was taken by a few descendants of old Dutch families, at the grotesque costume in which their ancestors were attired, or the jocose familiarity with which they were treated. This feeling, however, was both limited and transient. The Dutch burghers in

general were among those most delighted with the work; and many families which are not enumerated there, expressed regret at not finding their names enrolled in Diedrick's records. Many of these malecontents have since been afforded the odd kind of satisfaction they desired; witness the recent tales of Rip Von Winkle, Delph Heyliger, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and the money-digging adventures of Wolfert Webber. These Dutch stories are greeted with peculiar favour by Mr Irving's own countrymen. During the war which broke out between England and the United States, Mr Irving was military secretary and aide-de-camp to the Governor of the State of New-York, and had an opportunity, in the preparations against an expected invasion of the city, of seeing many of the humorous scenes realized, which he had described in his satirical history of it, during the reign of the old Dutch Governors. The descriptions there given, seemed to have been whimsically prophetic. As the war proceeded, and the navy of America rose high in reputation as in utility, the proprietors of the *Analectic Magazine*, prevailed on our author to enrich their periodical with the biography of the most illustrious naval officers of the country; and he executed his task in a manly and masterly style, so as to answer the patriotic purpose of his employers, and to sustain, or even augment, his own personal fame. It was about 1816 that he wrote his beautiful preface to Campbell's poems, and shewed in it, by the warmth and elegance of his tribute to the charms of *another's* muse, how admirably qualified he himself was to conciliate the favor of his *own*.

On the conclusion of the peace in 1815, Mr Irving's propensity to travel led him into England, and he has ever since continued in Europe. His residence has been principally in England and France, but he has also rambled over the interesting region, and through the romantic scenery of Germany, and the winter of 1822 he passed at Dresden. His writings had

preceded him there; and, in consequence, he was received with great hospitality by the inhabitants, and was treated with much kindness by the venerable King and Queen of Saxony. Some articles in different periodical publications of Europe, have been erroneously ascribed to Mr Irving. We are well assured that he has written nothing of the kind in any European publication; and we cannot but reprobate the disingenuousness of those authors and editors who, knowing the truth, have from motives of vanity or interest forborne to assert it. It is not a sufficient excuse for them, that they have refrained from actually encouraging the deception; for lukewarm indeed must be his love of right, who will not prevent wrong when he may. The danger to which a writer is exposed by having works unjustly attributed to him, is two-fold; it is a two-edged sword, cutting whichever way it strikes. If what is fraudulently placed to his account, be insufficient to uphold the character he has acquired, his credit accordingly suffers, in proportion to the extent of such engagements as his previous undertakings may show him to have made with the public. On the other hand, if compositions at all superior to his own are reported to issue from his pen, the next work that he acknowledges will of course be judged of by the fictitious standard thus set up, and condemned as not sterling, unless it equal what has thus been erroneously fixed on as its proper value. To this latter disadvantage Mr Irving is in no especial danger of being subjected; yet the long intervals at which his different works are produced, afford the public a strong hope, if not a reasonable one, that each succeeding effort of his will be more powerful and fortunate than its forerunner,—from the circumstance of his having had so much time to rest and recreate his intellectual force.—And it is with considerable shrewdness and propriety that it has been observed, how insufficiently a literary name is supported when the possessor of it merely preserves his talents from

retrograding, but does not advance them a step. When soil has lain fallow for some time, we naturally look to find the crop so abundant as to compensate for the time lost in producing that exuberance; and similar expectations, under similar circumstances, are entertained of the growth of the mind. In the race of life, there is no standing still. One must either press onward like the rest, or the rest will soon press him down and pass over him. And thus it is also in that world within a world, that wheel within a wheel, the sphere of literature. Let a man display ever so refulgent a genius, and let him feed its beams ever so equally and attentively, yet unless the curious light be perpetually increasing in brilliancy, it will soon fall upon our eyes with the dulness of satiety, and even seem to be fading in the socket. These metaphorical wanderings of ours are perhaps not wholly without an object, and a worthy one; but our dislike to that arrogance of dictation, so common with modern critics, in discussing the merits of any author, however transcendantly excellent, restrains us here from further pursuing that inference, which we still trust will be drawn from the observations now concluded. Of the *Sketch-Book*, it is enough to record that it was first opened to the public eye in 1820; and of *Bracebridge-Hall*, that it is a kind of sequel to the *Sketch-Book*, and that it was first given to the world in 1823. What more might be said respecting these two *chefs d'œuvres*, would, no less in a future age than in the present, be as "a tale twice told." In 1824 appeared the "Tales of a Traveller," which we noticed with some severity at the time. What we then said, we are sorry for; because (as Vanbruggen said) "it is true,"—at least we still believe it to be so. In extenuation of the faults we then condemned, it may be urged that the author was a much younger man when he wrote those Tales, than when they were put in print. The account of them given in the preface, and of the motives for publishing them, we have

reason to think is strictly correct. They had been lying, it seems, for many years past, in the trunk or port-manteau of our Traveller; and, strange to say! the most finished piece of the whole work—the philosophical and pathetic narrative of Buckthorne, appears to have been the longest composed. One of the greatest pleasures we have in re-perusing that beautiful story, is our certainty, that the author must feel an honest, though regretful, wish that he had brought it out in better company.

Mr Irving's person is of the middle height, and well proportioned. His countenance is handsome and intelligent, with dark hair and eyes, fine teeth, and a very engaging expression about the mouth. His manners are modest, but easy, his movements have a grace that seems natural to them, and he is animated and eloquent when drawn into conversation. He has a great sensibility to pathos, a keen relish for humour, and a quick perception of the ludicrous; but in his remarks he is very rarely satirical, and never sarcastic, though his writings are so happily distinguished for gentle touches of caricature. His disposition is amiable and affectionate, and his conduct has ever been guided by it to acts of kindness and generosity.—His character furnishes a model of correctness, yet he is full of forbearance and indulgence for the foibles and errors of others. He is now in the prime of life, and his appearance is also youthful for his years.

He is conversant with ancient literature; but his writings are seldom or never interlarded with quotations from the dead languages; a practice which he avoids probably as savouring of affectation. He is deeply read in the sterling old English writers, and no doubt it is from that source he has derived much of the raciness of language and vividness of idea, which diffuse such a charm over his style. He is familiar (in the original tongue) with the most valuable authors in French, Italian, Spanish, and German literature; but he seems to have studied these languages rather

for the improvement of his taste, than to make any display of erudition in his writings. His mind has thus become enriched with a most precious and extensive store of knowledge, from which he can at pleasure draw materials for his various publications.

Some uninformed, or—what is worse—*half-informed* writers, have stated that Washington Irving was formerly engaged in commerce. The fact is this. Having a deep interest in the estate of some relatives of his, who were unfortunate in their speculations, he quickly repaired hither from the continent, not only to advance his pecuniary claims, but to give the falling firm whatever support it could receive from his personal exertions, at such an overwhelming crisis. And he *did* exert himself, with an alacrity no less admirable than surprising, in a gentleman whose life had hitherto been devoted to the refinements of literature, and whose learned ease had been thus abruptly broken in upon, by the most unromantic species of care, and under the most unprepossessing circumstances. It has been reported, too, that his pencil can fill a Sketch-Book as picturesquely as a pen; but, as Mr Irving is one of the last men in the world to wish for more praise than is his due, we have no hesitation in professing our scepticism as to his having attained any striking proficiency in the “mimic art.” That he will be successful, to a certain degree, in every thing he attempts, we are little disposed to doubt. But his progress in a study must be proportionate to the term of his application, and so various and engrossing have been his literary and philosophical pursuits, that they can hardly have left him much opportunity for lighter occupations,—that is, for engaging in them with any great ardour or perseverance.

Mr Irving has been styled “the Goldsmith of the age,” but we would rather call him “the Campbell of prose,” for he has the same triteness and polish, the same touching pathos,

and the same equability, broken only by ascensions to a style of greater elevation. Perhaps the pictures of both these great delineators of poetic nature have too much of cloudless blue and skiey back-ground. But then it is without a single flaw, and the only change of tint is to something brighter or more alluring. Yet the parallel does not hold throughout. Irving’s touches, though as minute and elaborate as Campbell’s, blend more imperceptibly, and make the general effect more surprising, forasmuch as the immediate causes are less visible. Campbell works in mosaic,—Irving in enamel. The one leads you step by step to the summit of Vathek’s heaven-kissing tower; the other wafts you thither like a balloon tossed up by the “hands unseen” of young summer breezes. But the prospect, after all, is the same, whichever way arrived at. The bard of Hohenlinden is an admirable scene-painter;—so is Greenwood of old Drury; but Crayon in the shifting and arrangement of his scenery, reminds us of “The House that Jack* built.” Both are Prosperos, of the same magic power; but the attendant spirits of *one* are palpable in form, while those of the other melt at once into thin air, so often as we stretch forth a hand to seize them.

This ethereal quality in Geoffry Crayon’s imaginative creations, must render him eminently capable of transfusing into our language the magical beauties of the German novelists; and we have good ground for believing that his portfolio contains many delightful evidences of such a capacity as we attribute to him.

It is whispered that at a late convivial meeting of literati, some one hinted to Mr Irving his fitness to undertake a translation of the minor tales by the author of *Don Quixote*. Such a version must of necessity be an improvement on the original; and what a high treat might we not expect from the united talents of Irving and Cervantes!

* John Kemble.

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT.

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young !
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful Mother sung.
 —“ Ianthis ! dost thou sleep ?—thou sleep'st !—but this is not the rest,
 The breathing and the rosy calm I have pillow'd on my breast.
 I lull'd thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis, my sweet son !
 As in thy laughing childhood's days by twilight I have done.
 How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now ?
 And that I die not, seeing Death on thy pale glorious brow ?

“ I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave !
 I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave !
 Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye
 Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie,
 And fast is bound the springing step that seem'd on breezes borne,
 When to thy couch I came and said—‘ Wake, hunter, wake ! 'tis morn !’
 —Yet lovely art thou still, my flower ; untouch'd by slow decay ;
 And I, the wither'd stem remain !—I would that Grief might slay.

“ Oh ! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be !
 I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee !
 I saw it in thy kindling cheek and in thy bearing high—
 —A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die !
 That thou must die, my fearless one, when swords were flashing red—
 —Why doth a mother live to say—My First-born and my Dead !
 They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—
 —Speak thou—and I will hear thy voice—Ianthis, my sweet son !”

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young !
 A fair-hair'd Bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.
 —“ Ianthis ! look'st thou not on me ?—Can love indeed be fled ?
 —When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head !
 I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis ! my beloved !
 And stood as woman oft hath stood, where faithful hearts are proved !
 That I had girt a breast-plate on, and battled at thy side !
 —It would have been a blessed thing, together had we died.

“ But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword ?
 Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board ?
 Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine ?
 Or praying to the Saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?
 —And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
 Fast gushing like a mountain-spring—and couldst thou thus depart ?
 Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath ?
 —Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

“ Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
 And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread !
 But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where singing javelins flew—
 —Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?
 What now can breathe of gladness more—what scene, what hour, what tone ?
 The blue skies fade with all their lights—they fade, since thou art gone.
 Ev'n *that* must leave me—that still face, by all my tears unmoved !
 —Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis, my beloved !”

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young !
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful Sister sung.
 “ Ianthis, brother of my soul !—oh, where are now the days,
 That shone, amidst the deep green hills, upon our infant plays ?
 When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,
 And like a stag's the rocks among, was thy fleet, fearless course.
 —I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
 I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend !

"I come with flowers—for Spring is come—Ianthis! art thou here?
I bring the garlands she hath brought—I cast them on thy bier!
Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh! more meet they seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream;
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid so early low—
—Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow!
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send—
—Woe that it smiles and not for thee, my brother and my friend!"

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE FEET.

SO much has been said of the indications of character afforded by the upper part of the human structure—we have so many theories of *metoscopy*, *chieroscopy*, *cranioscopy*, and *cheiographoscopy*, that I trust I shall obtain a hearing when, under the name of *PODOSCOPY*, or the *Physiognomy* of the FEET, I venture to draw conclusions from the nether portions of the human frame: to speak plain English, I contend, that if you may know a man from the bumps on his skull, the wrinkles on his face, or the characters of his hand-writing, so you may know him from the shape and outline of his FEET. One advantage this new science undoubtedly has over craniology, that no unwary disciple is likely to be misled into the error of taking "a sheep's-head for a turnip." I do not see why, in this case, domination should be assumed by the powers which chance to be uppermost. Ascendancy has two senses, as the ancient *amphora* had two handles; and it is not always those that are highest who are chief, as the sailor, who ascended in quest of the place of honour, to the one-shilling gallery in the playhouse, discovered. Solomon has appropriately classed the FEET, or, at least, their motion, as one of the great branches of ancient *PHYSIOGNOMY*. "A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and his *walk*, shew what he is." Who is there, having eyes to look upon the fat ancles of some peasants, that does not recognise in that fatness a symptom, as well as type, of their mental hebetude? On the contrary, the most shallow observers may clearly dis-

cern, in the capacious, full-grown, and well-formed FOOT, the plainest indications of a vigorous and masculine understanding. What eloquence in the bold sinew, in the strong tendon! What firmness exhibited by the sound hearty brawn! No flabbiness, no superfluous flesh, nothing to impede the free use of the member! Can such a FOOT be given to a sluggard? It is my conviction, that the *delicate*, *nice*, exactly-developed FOOT, is found invariably to belong to persons of such a temper of mind as the two first epithets imply. Activity of mind, quickness, vivacity, briskness, are the characteristics, which a FOOT less delicate and less fine, but accurately formed, strong and vigorous, evinces. The large uncouth flat FOOT betrays a sluggish disposition. You never knew a flat-FOOTED man who was not naturally lazy. The elasticity, the springiness of the FOOT, are but symptoms of the nature of the being whom nature has moulded; she is not so inconsistent as people generally suppose; all the parts are congruous, and bear their due relation to the whole.

But it is not merely the intellectual qualities which may be inferred from the FEET; they speak the passions also. The avarice of an old hunk has been known directly, time out of mind, by his *SQUARE TOES*. How much may be guessed from the swollen vein, the quick pulse beating through each artery of the instep! Compare such a FOOT with the firmly-composed FOOT of a resolved and calm spirit: how evident the contrast! People may talk of quivering lips and inflamed eyes as indications

of angry passion ; but how trivial is the impression made by all the contortions of which the face is capable, compared with the electrifying effect of a vigorous stamp of the FOOT : and as an infliction of our displeasure, need I add, that scowls and frowns, nay, the fiercest words of that pugnacious member, the tongue, are nothing to what can be done by a *judicious application of the toe*. The superiority of the FEET is sufficiently manifest from the sense which men entertain of the indignity of having that august member trodden on. You may *shoulder* people as much as you please, without offence ; but who has trodden upon another's FOOT, the toe, or the heel, I care not which, with impunity ?

The dignity and eminence of the FOOT may be evidenced in another way ; by the ancient and modern practice of painters and sculptors. Those chimæras the bulls of Jason, were, like our dandy Chimæras, *brass-heeled*. The Hours, instead of being *rosy-cheeked*, are "*rosy-FOOT-ED*." Fauns and Satyrs are always painted with hoofs ; for what satirical reasons the learned reader knows : the fact shews how much the ancients inferred from the FEET. Again : what is the sure and infallible criterion by which any suspected *stranger in black* relieves himself from the imputation of being the Devil ? By shewing his FEET. How else is it possible to distinguish his Satanic majesty ? How could painters intelligibly pourtray him ? Other kings

wear crowns ; you may look to their *heads* ; but he knows better, and bears in his FEET the symbols of sovereignty. In China, a lady's FOOT is "contracted to the shortest span," because that sagacious people well know how naturally men's *eyes* turn upon women's *feet* ; and minuteness and beauty being, according to the metaphysicians nearly allied in our conceptions, they seek to secure the *first*, in hopes that it will draw after it the *second*. But why do they not direct their attention, as some savages (craniologists, doubtless) have done, to compressing the *head* ? Why ? because they know that no man cares for a woman's head. Thus the Chinese are with my theory ; and so are the Indians and Spaniards. A fine lady in India, paints her FEET instead of her *face*, and puts rings on her *toes* instead of her *fingers* ; while, in Spain, a woman shrouds her FEET as she would her bosom : she may be said to blush in her FEET : she knows their superiority and importance. To any lover who presumes to doubt the above theory, or to say a word in disparagement of the eloquence of the FEET, compared even with the eyes of his mistress, I leave the consideration of the following lines of Sir John Suckling, and defy him to be of the other side :—

Her FEET beneath her petticoat.
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light ;
But oh ! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight !

VARIETIES.

ANIMAL DYE.

A KIND of grass, called *Polygonum minus*, abounds in the deserts of Ukraine. Towards the end of the month of June, this grass is torn up by the roots, which are covered with maggots, of an oval shape, that become indurated as soon as they are exposed to the air ; they are sold by the spoonful to merchants,

are pounded, and the water in which they are steeped, with a little alum, assumes the colour of the most beautiful crimson. The wives of the Cossacks dye their thread with them ; and the Russian merchants buy them for their wives to paint their faces with. The Armenians use large quantities in dyeing their silk, their moroccos, the tails and manes of

their horses, and their own hair, beards and nails. The name of *coccus Polonorum* has been given to these maggots.

MODERN ROME, DEPÔT OF THE ARTS.

A letter from Rome states that some valuable copper-plates, engraved by Dorigny and Aquilla, from several of the choicest works of Raphael, Annibal Carracci, and other great masters, have been lately destroyed by order of the librarian of the Holy See, on account of their profane exhibition of the human form divine! Are we returning to the era of vandalism, that such an outrage should be committed in the emporium of the fine arts? or do the Jesuits wish to extinguish every trace of art, in Europe, except that of hood-winking mankind?

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.

Dr Bernhard, of Larris, in Germany, has made a very interesting discovery, for which he has received a patent; by means of which he obtains from animal substances, of which hitherto no use has been made, a product perfectly similar to leather. A manufactory has been established at Gumbold, near Vienna, where this new species of industry is practised with the greatest activity. This composition is capable, when in a fluid state, of being formed into boots and shoes.

CONCERT.

The great Russian General, Field Marshal Count Münnich, once gave a concert to the Empress Catharine, which was as singular in its way as characteristic of the Russian nation. The music performed was, indeed, not different from that which is commonly heard in other concerts, but the bows of all the stringed instruments, of which there were above a hundred, had hair fixed to them, which was entirely taken from the Turkish standards, captured by Münnich from the enemies of his sovereign.

ANECDOTE OF A PRISON.

M. Ouvrard, an army contractor, is at present in prison at Paris, on

heavy charges; but he has realized large sums, and lives like a prince. The following story is told of his incarceration:—On the same floor with his apartments are two rooms, which he desired to have, *pour s'arrondir*—that is, to have all the flat: the jailer told him he could not have the rooms, as they were hired by two debtors. "How much do they owe?"—"About 10,000 francs." "Here is the money," said Monsieur Ouvrard—and he paid the 10,000 francs, had the two rooms, *s'arrondit*, and the two prisoners were set at liberty!!

THE OLD BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Alas! What a poor solitary deserted being I am! Ah! had I my time to come over again, I would not be now sitting alone, moping over my joyless fire—but it serves me right—I do not deserve to have the blessings of a wife, and the comfort of dear sweet little smiling cherubs. It is now too late, so it is of no use bemoaning my hard lot. Cruel destiny—to think that my brothers are at this moment surrounded with every enjoyment—while I with my gouty toe sit here miserable and alone. Ah! had I selected one lovely flower to place within my bosom, I now had been blessed with the fragrant balm of domestic consolation, instead of roving, like an invidious wasp, from the gaudy tulip and noisome poppy to the poisonous henbane and unnectareous weed. Heavens! how I detest myself; all nature execrates me—a useless, unfriended, and unblessed member of a society, to the public good of which it was my duty to contribute my share; instead of which, I have added to its vices, and increased the number of its unprotected and unallied members! Oh, this toe! Heavens, what a twang! Here, you vile cringing sycophant housekeeper, send for the doctor; your only care is to enrich yourself by plundering me. You vile scoundrel of a valet, where are you, sirrah! drinking my claret instead of waiting upon me; bring me my crutches, and I will see if I cannot set you all to rights—get

you gone, sir. Ah! it is of no use; if I turn them away, faithless varlets, I shall get as bad in their places: all this comes of being an old bachelor. The Romans acted wisely in doubly taxing those useless members of the community. I wonder that our legislature has not taken cognizance of this growing evil. Bachelorship has never been encouraged by the royal family, or been fashionable in the higher classes; and yet it is the rage of the day. Well, when like me they sit writhing with torture, solitary, without any one to speak to, or any one to comfort them, like me, they may weep and bemoan themselves in secret. Ah, a knock, some one is coming; I must again play the hypocrite, put on a smiling countenance, jest and be merry at the expense of those who, obeying the ordination of nature, enjoy the first best gift of heaven, domestic bliss.

METHOD OF MAKING SODA WATER.

Take forty grains of the carbonate of soda, put it into a common soda water bottle, which generally contains about ten ounces of water. Immediately afterwards, put into the same thirty-five grains of tartaric acid, then cork it quickly. The acid and the salt ought to be put in in crystals, as when in powder they are apt to seize upon each other before the bottle can be *well* corked, and so a considerable quantity of the carbonic acid gas which is evolved is lost.

In the above process, the tartaric acid having a greater affinity for the soda than the carbonic acid gas has, combines with it, and forms the tartrate of soda, a soluble salt. By this combination the gas which was engaged with the soda is evolved, or set free, and mixes with the water in the bottle, and makes its escape when the cork is withdrawn.

YOUNG MUSICIAN.

Among the juvenile musical geniuses who have lately caused so much sensation, such as Liszt, Aspul, and Schauraeth, there is living at present at Berlin, one of the name of

Mendelssohn, grandson of the famous philosopher of the same name, who is not only as great a piano-forte player as either of those three, but a much greater composer. Though only sixteen, he has written several operas, eight orchestral symphonies, fifty fugues, and a great many smaller pieces for the piano-forte. His master is Professor Zelter, the intimate friend of the great Goethe, through whose kindness the youth has had the rare advantage of being frequently in the Poet's society.

DIVORCES.

The following inscription is written in large characters over the principal gate of the city of Agra in Hindostan:—"In the first year of the reign of King Julef, two thousand married couple were separated by the magistrate with their own consent. The Emperor was so indignant on learning these particulars, that he abolished the privilege of divorce. In the course of the following year, the number of marriages in Agra was less than before by three thousand; the number of adulteries was greater by seven thousand; three hundred women were burned alive for poisoning their husbands; seventy-five men were burned for the murder of their wives; and the quantity of furniture broken and destroyed in the interior of private families, amounted to the value of three millions of rupees! The Emperor re-established the privilege of divorce."

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

When, a short time ago, the new opera of Olympia, by Spontini, of all the most trumpetting, drumming performances in existence, the most loud, was acted at Berlin; the Prince Royal, who, from patriotic motives, is no great friend to the composer, could not stand the noise any longer, and left the house. It happened, that at the moment of his coming out, the twelve fifers and as many drummers, who parade the streets of the capital every evening for the tattoo, passed by in full instrumental

chorus. The Prince immediately addressed himself to his attendant, and exclaimed: "Heaven be thanked, that we hear again a little *soft** music!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Beranger's new volume of *Chansons* have been published in Paris, and the Liberaux are in extasies with their poet's patriotic effusions. One song is devoted to *Lafayette en Amerique*.

M. de la Martine, author of *Meditations Poetiques*, *La Mort de Socrate*, &c. has prepared and sold for publication, for 10,000 francs, a new poem, *La Mort de Childe Harold*, destined to complete the Adventures of Lord Byron.

A Morning Paper has stated the Subscription Sale of the Tales of the Crusaders to be 3,500; above 5,000 copies have been taken.

Among the *tirades* against England, which occasionally issue from the French press, is a violent dissertation, which has been launched at their heads since they dared to acknowledge the independence of South America without the permission of the Holy Alliance. "England," says the author "has never ceased to follow, and put in practice the system of Hobbes. She places herself at the head of every revolutionary movement against legitimacy and religion, which have been revived in Europe, and are maintained only by the Holy Alliance. A trading nation is a scourge among other nations, and is itself enslaved by the base pursuits of commerce. The Holy Alliance must make war upon England. France will set the example. Her destiny is to advance first to the struggle; it is a new sacrifice which she owes to her interests and to her glory."

VOLTAIRE'S WORKS.

The perfection of printing and publishing, which in England has been produced by regular application of talent and capital, is now attempted

in Paris by the ardor of speculation and the redundancy of money. Fifty volumes, at least, have been always thought well filled by Voltaire's works; now we are to have them all in one volume, at the price of 140 francs. A *plaisant* has made the following calculation of the whole expense of this *volume* to the readers; adding, that those who do not mean to read, need not buy:

	Fr.
First price	140
Two pair of spectacles	50
Oculist's fees	100
Eye water	30
Two artificial eyes	80
Putting them in place	50
	450

C'est un peu cher—but, as it is the mode, it does not matter.

IRON ARM.

A young vine dresser, at *Canton de Vaud*, (Switzerland,) named Samuel Testuz de Villette, having been maimed, three years ago, by a gun bursting in his hand, it was found necessary to cut off the arm at the first joint. The ingenious industry of a Genevese mechanic, M. Taillefer, has fixed to the stump of the arm a cylinder of iron, terminating in a strong vice, by the aid of several instruments affixed to which, S. Testuz is enabled to dig, to cut the vine, to use at once, both knife and fork at table, and perform almost every function of the industrious father of a family.—The inventor, M. Taillefer, had before constructed a mechanical leg, by means of which, the wearer is enabled to walk, run and mount, or descend, without assistance. He is now constructing a hand, which is to perform almost all the movements of that member.

RUSSIAN HORSES.

The hardy natives of the country are small, lively, and animated; very shaggy, and generally of a brown colour. In the interior, they are mostly unshod; but will traverse any sort of ground, up to their middle in snow. During the winter months, they are

* Sanfte Musik.

seen toiling in a cold of 20 deg. below the freezing-point of Reaumur, as white as snow, covered with icicles and *ghryme*. During summer, they labour under the extreme of heat. Such are the animals that, with their brethren from the banks of the Volga, Kuban, and Don, composed the irregular cavalry of the Russian army, which sustained, uninjured, the fatigues of the campaign; as also the severity of the winter, which, on setting in, in the short space of one night, proved destructive to those of the French army, natives of a warmer climate, in the disastrous retreat from Russia.

MAZEPPA.

Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII., says:—"Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Casimir, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the Belles Lettres. An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked on a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, who came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine."

Such is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem, with this title.

LETTUCE.

The juice of this vegetable, which has recently been introduced into medical practice as a substitute for opium, has been examined by M. François, and he has discovered what he considers to be the active principle of the plant, to which he has given the name of *thridace*.

PRESERVING OF BIRDS, &c.

Mr Temminck, Director of the Dutch Museum, has, for many years, made use of no other means of saving preserved birds and quadrupeds from the attacks of minute insects, than placing a small wooden basin, containing tallow, *in each case*, which he finds to be more effectual than either camphor or Russia leather.

ARABIAN DRAUGHTS.

A favourite pastime of the Negro Arabs in Nubia, and which is also known among the Arabs in Upper Egypt, is the *Syredge*, a kind of draughts. It is played upon sandy ground, on which they trace with the fingers chequers of forty-nine squares. It is an intricate game, and requires great attention: the object is to take all the antagonist's pieces; but the rules are very different from those of the Polish draught. The people are uncommonly fond of this game; two persons seldom sitting down together without immediately beginning to draw squares on the sand.

ORIGINAL SIN FOUND OUT AT LAST.

A correspondent was recently shown a work in MS. by a learned Frenchman, who resided a long time in England; it is to be entitled, *The Sin of Knowledge*; thus adding one to the seven deadly sins of the Roman Catholic Church. Our author seems to be a disciple of the German chemist, Stahl, whose work, "*De frequentia morbum in Corpore humano præ brutis*," appears to be his text book: he outdoes Rousseau, who so learnedly and eloquently extolled the want of learning. He proves, or attempts to prove, with Stahl, that as death came into the world by eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, human reason is the real Original Sin, from which springs all the legion of disorders which afflict the human race. There is required but another chapter to complete the work, in which he should prove that the brute creation are not subject to disorders.